FAT AND SLAT

FEATURING Ed Wheelan's FAMOUS COMEDY TEAM

FAT and SLAT

NO. 1

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ALL PAGES IN FULL COLOR 10¢

M-DIS

YOU SAY YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS IS ON THE ROCKS, AND YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ?

NO, HE BUILDS LIGHTHOUSES !!

?

ALSO, INTRODUCING "COMICS" McCORMICK, THE WORLD'S NO. 1 COMIC BOOK FAN.

FAT AND SLAT

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Here's A Message from

Ed Wheelan — the originator of FAT and SLAT!

To the readers of FAT AND SLAT:

The characters, FAT and SLAT, originally appeared many years ago in my syndicated newspaper comic strip, MINUTE MOVIES.

Today, you folks are going to follow their antics and adventures in FAT AND SLAT COMICS as they nag and rag each other with brags and gags. To keep them company is their little pup, BIG SHOT, who has plenty of ideas of his own.

You will meet, also, "COMICS" McCORMICK, the World's No. 1 Comic Book Fan, who will, I hope, daydream his way straight into your heart.

Then, too, there is OLD MAN EXPERIENCE, who plans to show JOHNNY HOPE a thing or two about life before he is through.

If YOU have any ideas or suggestions to help make FAT and SLAT your favorite COMIC Comic Book, send them in and we'll give them due consideration.

So get set, Boys and Girls. LET'S GO!!

Your friend,

Ed Wheelan -

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

FAT and SLAT return, with a barrelfull of new gags, to keep you laughing! And there's another exciting adventure in store for "COMICS" McCORMICK, the World's No. 1 Comic Book Fan!

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FAT and SLAT

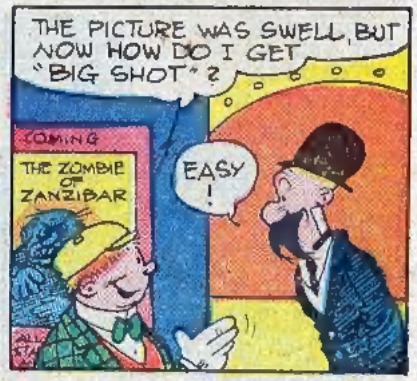
COME ON, "BIG SHOT" - LET'S GO FOR A WALK!

'LO, FAT! SAY, "WOLF OF THE WEST" IS SHOWING AT THE ACME - LET'S GO!
WHAT ABOUT "BIG SHOT"?

OH, WE'LL LEAVE HIM AT THE POLICE STATION - I'LL FIX IT. BUT FIRST TAKE OFF HIS COLLAR AND LICENSE TAG!

SERGEANT, I FOUND THIS POOR LI'L POOCH WANDERING AROUND LOOKING FOR HIS MASTER!
?
GR-R

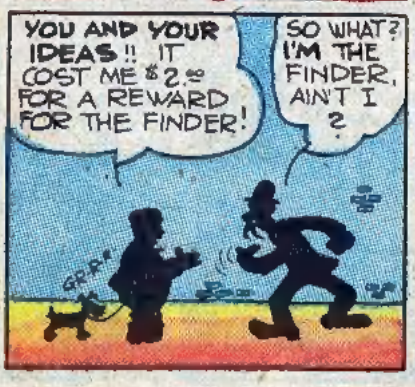
GEE!
YOU SAID IT!


THE PICTURE WAS SWELL, BUT NOW HOW DO I GET "BIG SHOT"?
COMING
THE ZOMBIE OF ZANZIBAR
EASY!

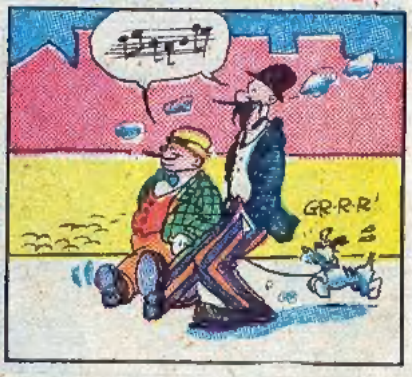
JUST GO TO THE POLICE STATION AND DESCRIBE HIM. THE SERGEANT WILL HAND HIM RIGHT OVER!

OKAY, MISTER, BUT YOU SHOULD LEAVE A TWO DOLLAR REWARD FOR THE FINDER, AND, AFTER THIS, KEEP YOUR MUTT ON A LEASH!
YES, SIR!

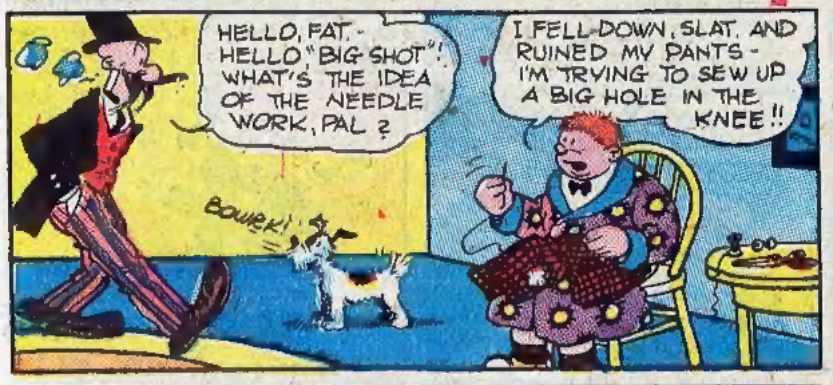
HERE'S YOUR POOCH!
AND HERE'S YOUR TWO BUCKS!
BOWRK BOWRK

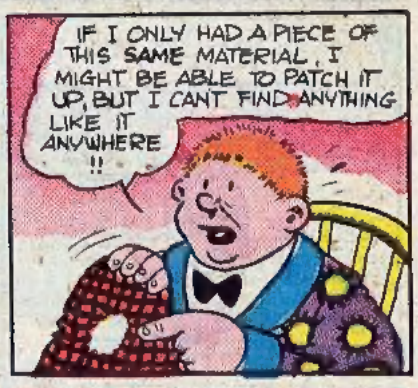

YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!! IT COST ME $2.00 FOR A REWARD FOR THE FINDER!
SO WHAT? I'M THE FINDER, AIN'T I?
GR-R

THANKS, SARGE, - I'M SURE GLAD I DROPPED IN AGAIN!
THE TWO BUCKS

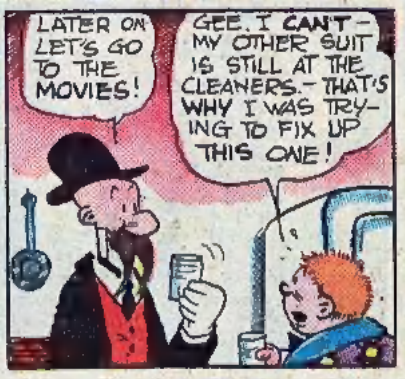

GR-R-R!

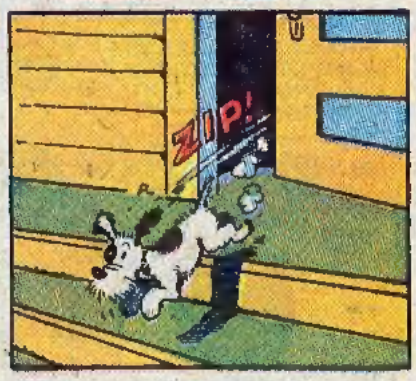
FAT and SLAT


HELLO, FAT. - HELLO, "BIG SHOT"! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE NEEDLE WORK, PAL ?
I FELL-DOWN, SLAT, AND RUINED MY PANTS - I'M TRYING TO SEW UP A BIG HOLE IN THE KNEE !!
BOWEK!


IF I ONLY HAD A PIECE OF THIS SAME MATERIAL, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PATCH IT UP, BUT I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING LIKE IT ANYWHERE !!

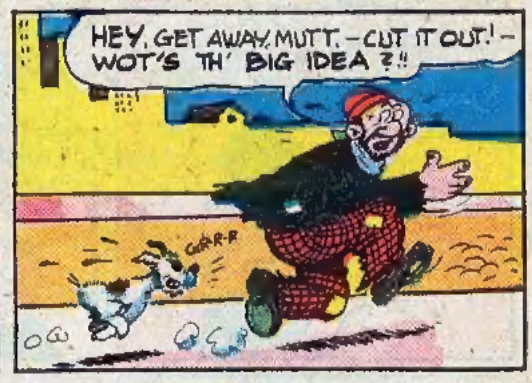
THAT'S TOUGH, FAT. BUT NOW HOW ABOUT A COLD DRINK ?
SURE!
?

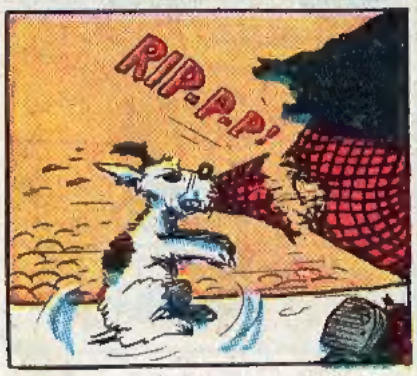

LATER ON LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES!
GEE, I CAN'T - MY OTHER SUIT IS STILL AT THE CLEANERS. - THAT'S WHY I WAS TRYING TO FIX UP THIS ONE!


ZIP!

?

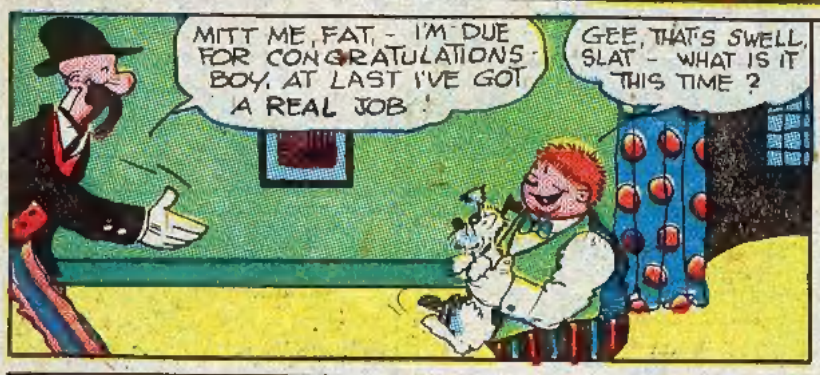
A HALF HOUR LATER
!!


HEY, GET AWAY, MUTT. - CUT IT OUT! - WOT'S TH' BIG IDEA ?!!
GRR-R


RIP-P-P!

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK, SLAT "BIG SHOT" FOUND ME A PIECE OF THAT SAME MATERIAL! WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE GOT IT ?
SEARCH ME, BUT NOW WE CAN GO TO THE MOVIES AS SOON AS YOU FIX YOUR PANTS !!

FAT and SLAT

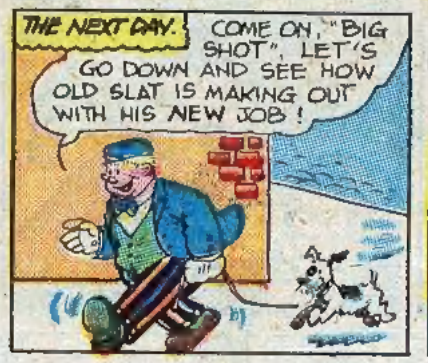

MITT ME, FAT, - I'M DUE FOR CONGRATULATIONS - BOY, AT LAST I'VE GOT A REAL JOB!
GEE, THAT'S SWELL, SLAT - WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

I'M TO HAVE EXCLUSIVE CHARGE OF THE HOSIERY COUNTER AT McDUMMY'S DEPARTMENT STORE!
PUFF-PUFF

YEP, I START IN TOMORROW SO I'VE GOT TO GET MY SALES TALK DOWN PAT!
SAY, I NEED SOME SOCKS!

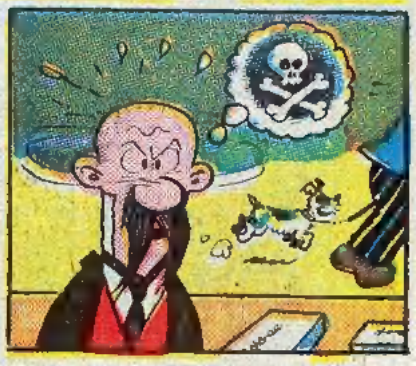
GOOD! WHY DON'T YOU COME IN EARLY AND I'LL TRY MY SPIEL OUT ON YOU?!!
OKAY!

AND IF I LIKE YOUR "COMMERCIAL", I'LL MAKE A BIG PURCHASE, AND THAT WILL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF STANDING WITH THE MANAGER!!


THE NEXT DAY.
COME ON, "BIG SHOT", LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE HOW OLD SLAT IS MAKING OUT WITH HIS NEW JOB!

AH, HERE COMES FAT! I'LL GO TO WORK ON HIM WITH MY SALES TALK NOW!
AH, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, TODAY?
SOCKS
SHOW ME SOME SOCKS!

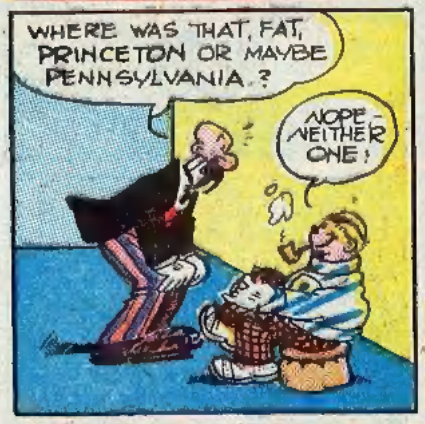
NOW TAKE THESE HANDSOME, HANDMADE SOCKS, SIR, - THEY'RE OUR VERY LATEST TRIUMPH IN DESIGN AND WORKMANSHIP, PRICED FAR LOWER THAN ELSEWHERE, AND ABSOLUTELY GUARANTED TO BE HOLE-PROOF, SHOCK-PROOF, AND MOTH-PROOF! IN FACT, SIR, A REMARKABLE YARN!!
I'LL SAY! AND YOU TELL IT VERY WELL, TOO!



FAT
and
SLAT

I'M TELLING YOU, SLAT, - I TOOK A COURSE IN SPYING WHEN I WAS AT COLLEGE!
"SPYING"? - WHY, THEY DONT TEACH THAT IN COLLEGES!

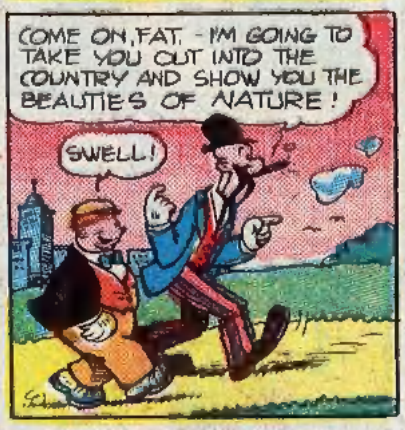
THEY DID WHERE I WENT!!

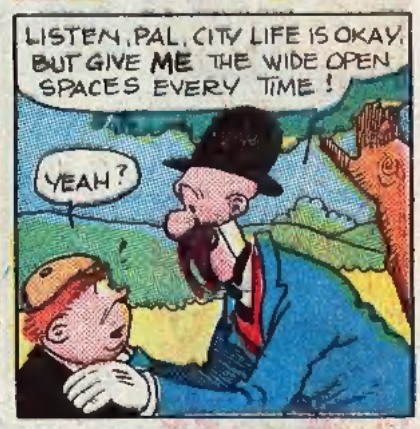

WHERE WAS THAT, FAT, PRINCETON OR MAYBE PENNSYLVANIA.?
NOPE - NEITHER ONE!

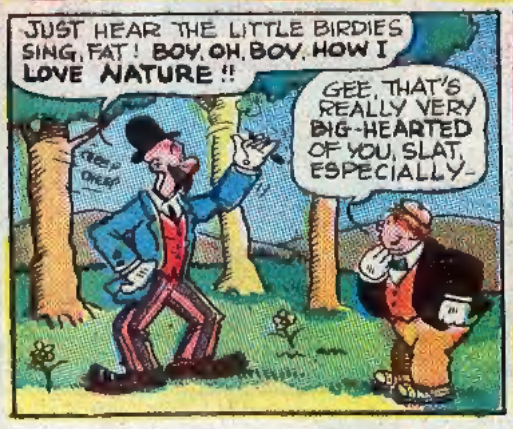
WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WHAT DOES THAT P STAND FOR? WHAT COLLEGE DID YOU STUDY SPYING AT ??

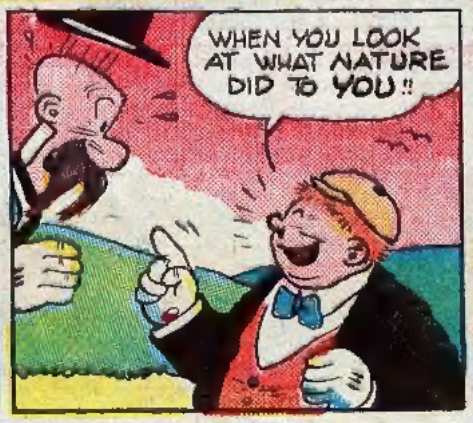
PEEKABOO - IT'S A BRANCH OF I.C.U. !!!
PLOP!

FAT
and
SLAT


COME ON, FAT, - I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT INTO THE COUNTRY AND SHOW YOU THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE!
SWELL!

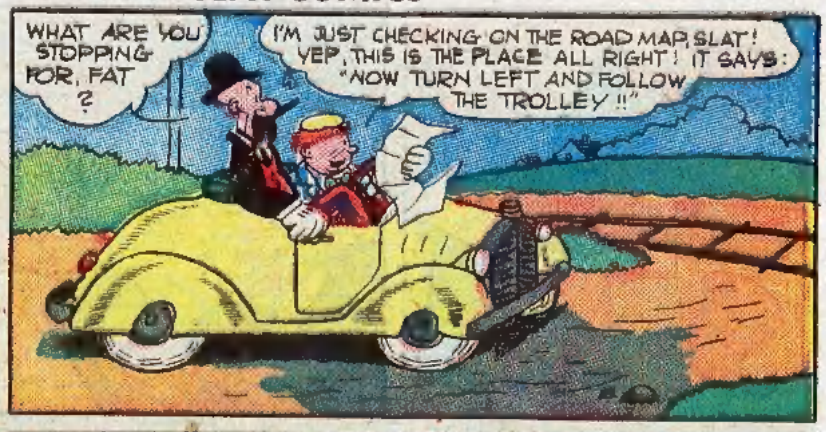

LISTEN, PAL, CITY LIFE IS OKAY, BUT GIVE ME THE WIDE OPEN SPACES EVERY TIME!
YEAH?


JUST HEAR THE LITTLE BIRDIES SING, FAT! BOY, OH, BOY, HOW I LOVE NATURE!!
CHEEP CHEEP
GEE, THAT'S REALLY VERY BIG-HEARTED OF YOU, SLAT, ESPECIALLY-


WHEN YOU LOOK AT WHAT NATURE DID TO YOU!!

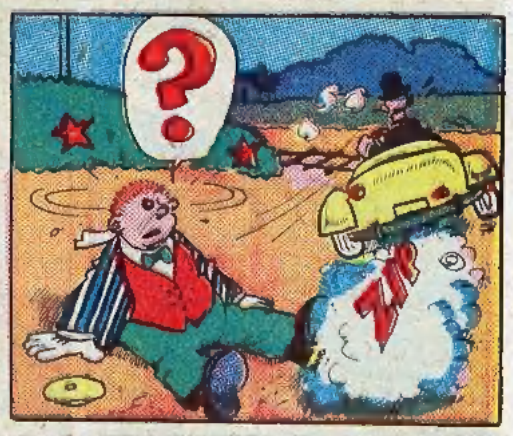
PEEP PEEP
CHEEP CHEEP

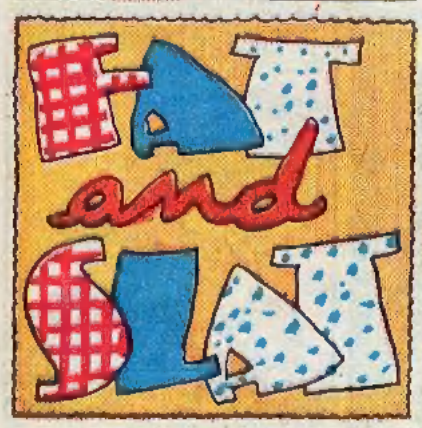
FAT
and
SLAT


WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR, FAT ?
I'M JUST CHECKING ON THE ROAD MAP, SLAT! YEP, THIS IS THE PLACE ALL RIGHT! IT SAYS: "NOW TURN LEFT AND FOLLOW THE TROLLEY !!"

WELL, LET'S GO!! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR ?
WHAT D'YOU MEAN: WHAT WE WAITING FOR"?

THE TROLLEY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FOLLOW, OF COURSE !!!


?
ZIP


FAT
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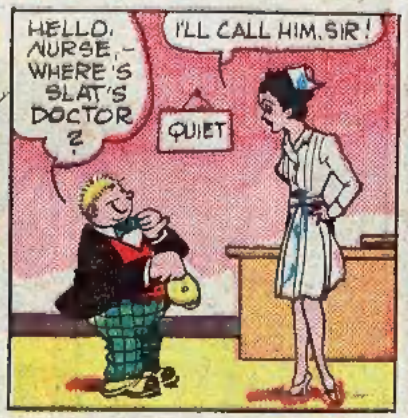
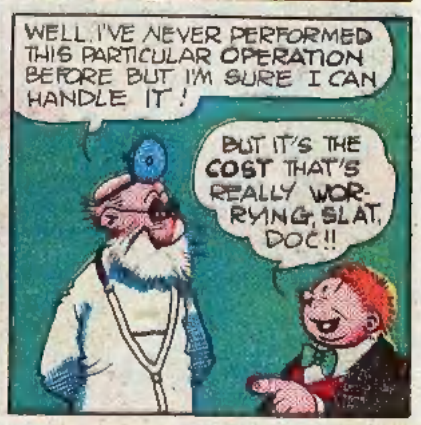
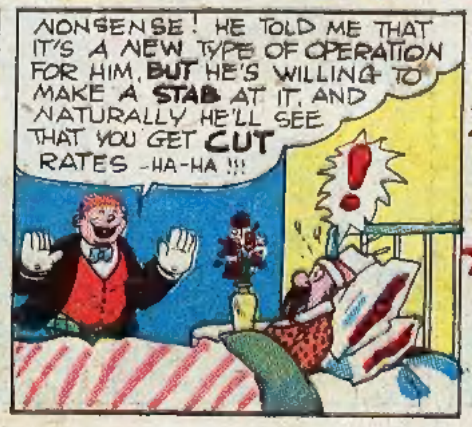
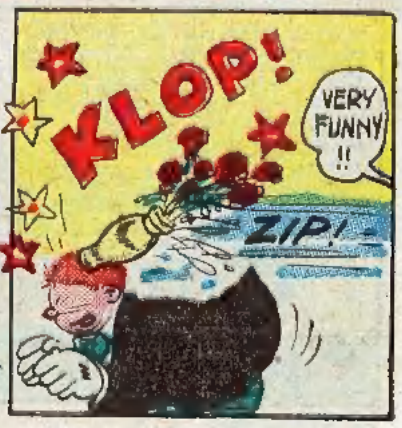

HELLO, NURSE, - WHERE'S SLAT'S DOCTOR ?
I'LL CALL HIM, SIR!
QUIET


WELL, I'VE NEVER PERFORMED THIS PARTICULAR OPERATION BEFORE BUT I'M SURE I CAN HANDLE IT!
BUT IT'S THE COST THAT'S REALLY WORRYING, SLAT, DOC!!

HI, KID! I JUST HAD A TALK WITH DR. STICKNEY ABOUT YOUR OPERATION!
GOSH, FAT, I HAVE AN AWFUL FEELING HE'S GOING TO GOUGE ME !!

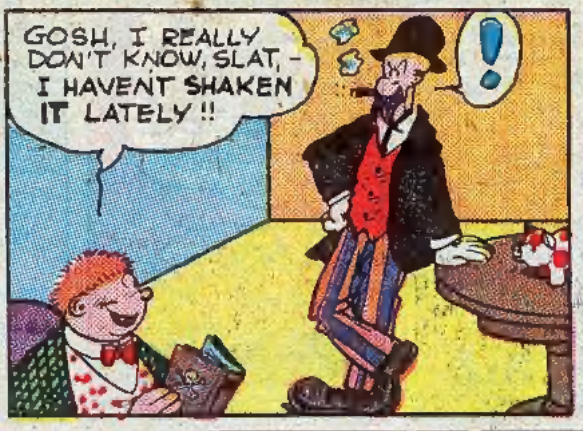

NONSENSE! HE TOLD ME THAT IT'S A NEW TYPE OF OPERATION FOR HIM, BUT HE'S WILLING TO MAKE A STAB AT IT, AND NATURALLY HE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET CUT RATES -HA-HA !!!
!


KLOP!
VERY FUNNY !!
ZIP!

FAT and SLAT

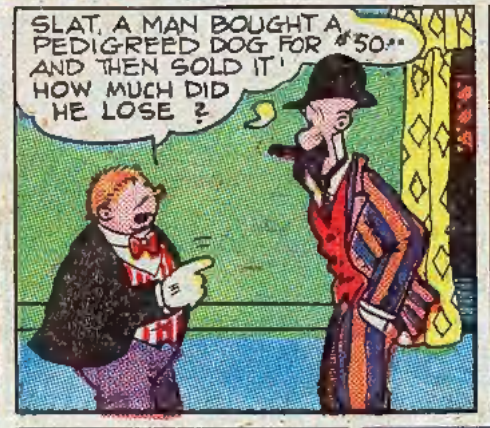
GEE, SLAT, THIS MYSTERY STORY IS A THRILLER!
NEVER MIND THAT, FAT, - I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ANOTHER MYSTERY STORY !!! I JUST SAW JOE SMITH AND -

HE SAID YOU TOLD HIM YOU HAD MONEY IN THE BANK! THAT'S NEWS TO ME!! HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT ?!!


GOSH, I REALLY DON'T KNOW, SLAT, - I HAVENT SHAKEN IT LATELY !!
!

KLUNK!

FAT and SLAT


SLAT, A MAN BOUGHT A PEDIGREED DOG FOR $50.00 AND THEN SOLD IT! HOW MUCH DID HE LOSE ?

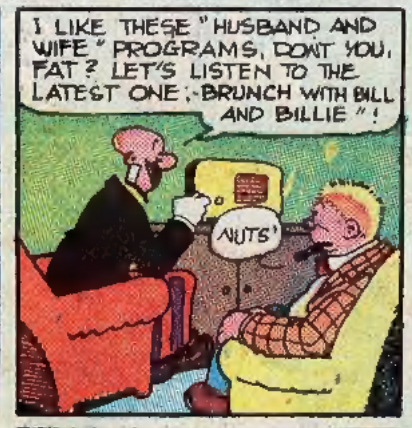
YOU DUMBBELL, THAT'S A RIDICULOUS QUESTION!
WHAT'S SO RIDICULOUS ABOUT IT ?!!?

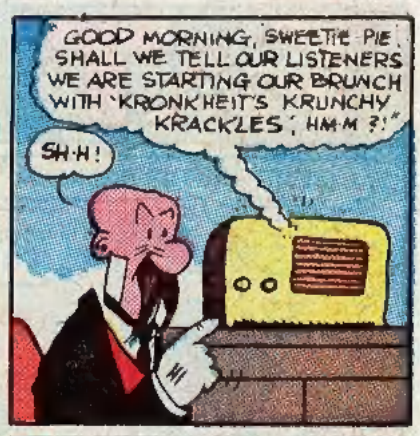
LISTEN, PINHEAD, THE MAN PAID $50.00 FOR THE POOCH BUT NOW I MUST KNOW WHAT HE SOLD IT FOR - THEN I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY HOW MUCH HE LOST !!
YOU WILL ?

OKAY, WISE GUY, - HE SOLD IT FOR CHEWING UP THE CARPET!

AW, NIX, SLAT, - REMEMBER YOUR RHEUMATISM !!

FAT AND SLAT COMICS





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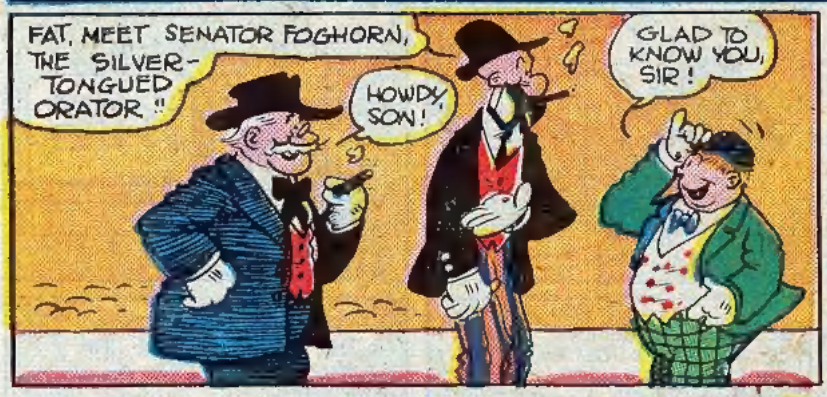
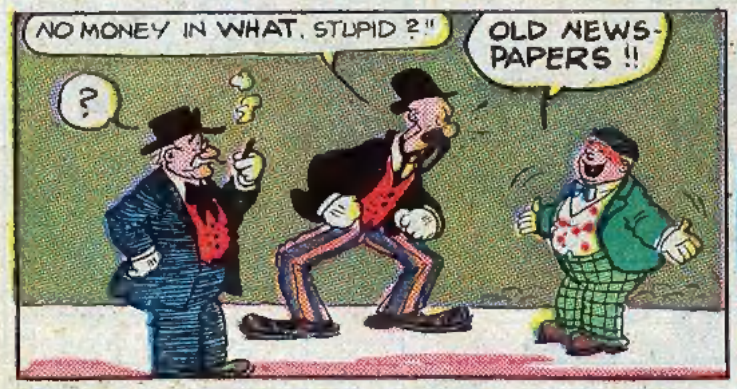

FAT, MEET SENATOR FOGHORN, THE SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR !!
HOWDY, SON!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR!

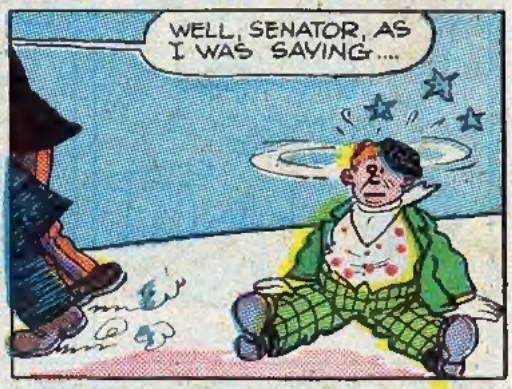
YEP, I'VE JUST COME FROM A BIG HALL WHERE I ADDRESSED OVER 1500 OF MY CONSTITUENTS !

GEE, THAT'S A COINCIDENCE! SENATOR, - I JUST CAME FROM A BIG BUILDING WHERE I ADDRESSED OVER 500 -

WHAT?
LETTERS!

FAT, STOP CLOWNING! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE SENATOR IS AN OLD NEWSPAPERMAN !!
I TRIED THAT, TOO, BUT THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT !!!

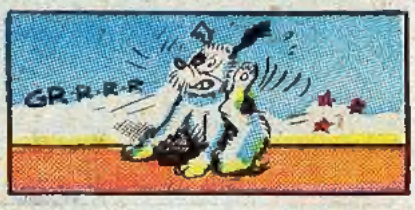

NO MONEY IN WHAT, STUPID ?!
?
OLD NEWS-PAPERS !!


WELL, SENATOR, AS I WAS SAYING....

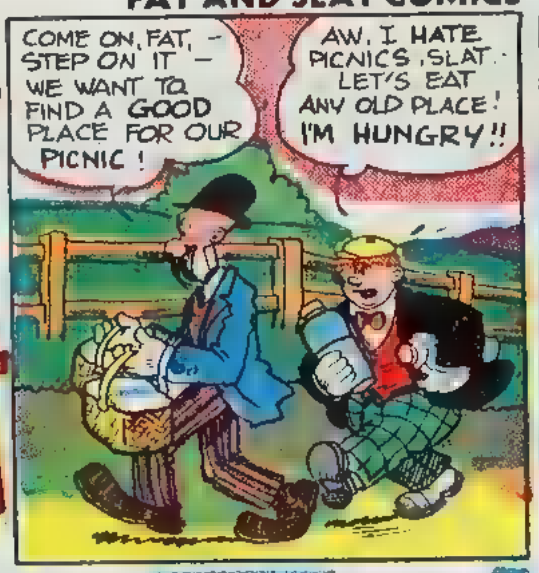
"BIG SHOT"

?

PLIP!

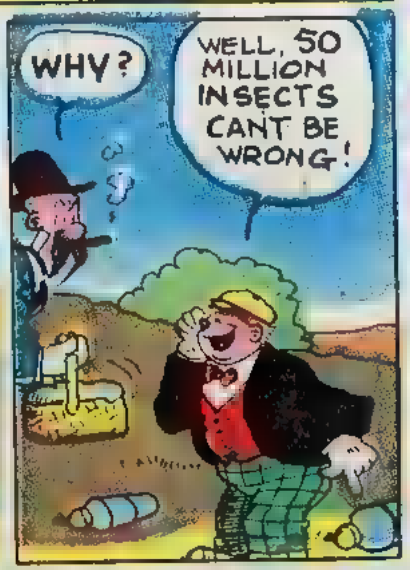

GRRRR

FAT
and
SLAT


COME ON, FAT, - STEP ON IT - WE WANT TO FIND A GOOD PLACE FOR OUR PICNIC!
AW, I HATE PICNICS, SLAT. LET'S EAT ANY OLD PLACE! I'M HUNGRY!!

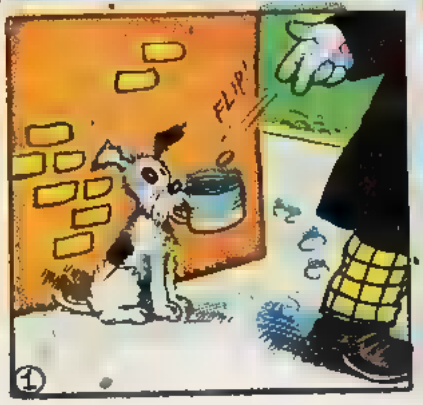
NO, WE'RE GOING UP THERE ON THAT HILL, AND YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT!!
I AM LIKE FUN! I TOLD YOU I HATE PICNICS, - THEY'RE SO MESSY AND BESIDES.. ER....

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, SLAT! - COME BACK HERE! THIS OUGHT TO BE A SWELL SPOT FOR A PICNIC. - IT'S PERFECT!

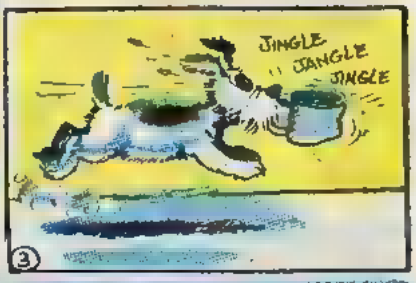

WHY?
WELL, 50 MILLION INSECTS CANT BE WRONG!

BUG!!

BIG SHOT


FLIP!
1

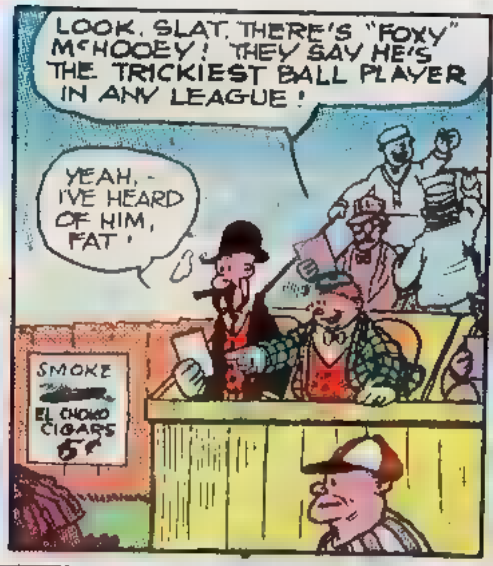
ZIP
2


JINGLE
JANGLE
JINGLE
3

HOKAY, "BIG SHOT"!
4

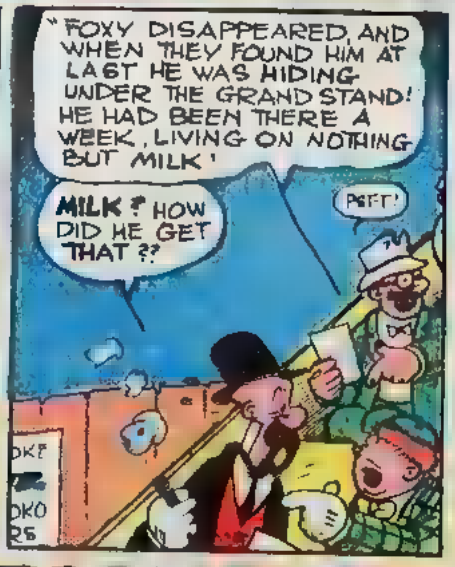
5

FAT
and
SLAT


LOOK, SLAT. THERE'S "FOXY" McHOOEY! THEY SAY HE'S THE TRICKIEST BALL PLAYER IN ANY LEAGUE!
YEAH, I'VE HEARD OF HIM, FAT!
SMOKE
EL CHOKO CIGARS
5¢

BUT I'LL BET YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE TIME "FOXY" DISAPPEARED AND NO ONE KNEW WHERE HE WAS!
GEE, NO, TELL ME ABOUT IT!

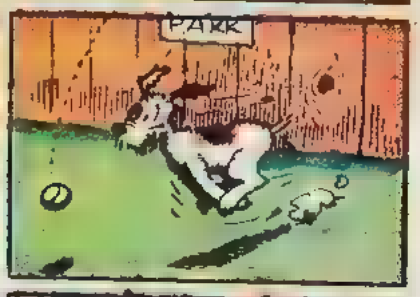
WELL, IT WAS SOMETIME LAST YEAR! "FOXY" GOT INTO AN AWFUL ARGUMENT WITH THE UMPIRE ABOUT A CALLED STRIKE AND BAWLED HIM OUT PLENTY! FINALLY THE UMP BLEW HIS TOP AND ORDERED "FOXY" TO THE SHOWERS!


"FOXY DISAPPEARED, AND WHEN THEY FOUND HIM AT LAST HE WAS HIDING UNDER THE GRAND STAND! HE HAD BEEN THERE A WEEK, LIVING ON NOTHING BUT MILK!
MILK? HOW DID HE GET THAT??
PFFT!

HE STILL HAD THE UMPIRE'S GOAT!
HA HA!
HAW!
FLAP!

"BIG SHOT"

BASEBALL PARK
CRACK!

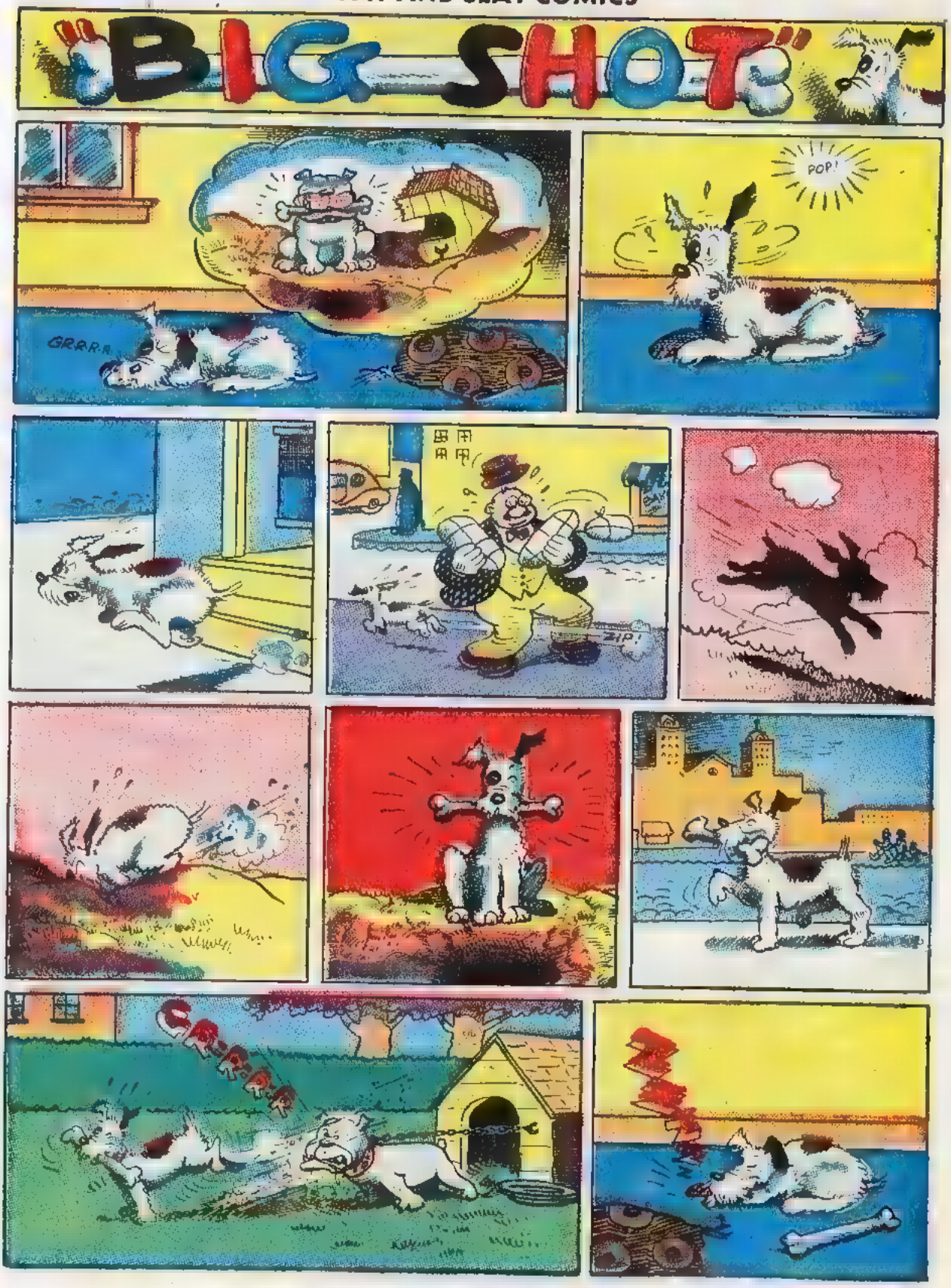

PARK

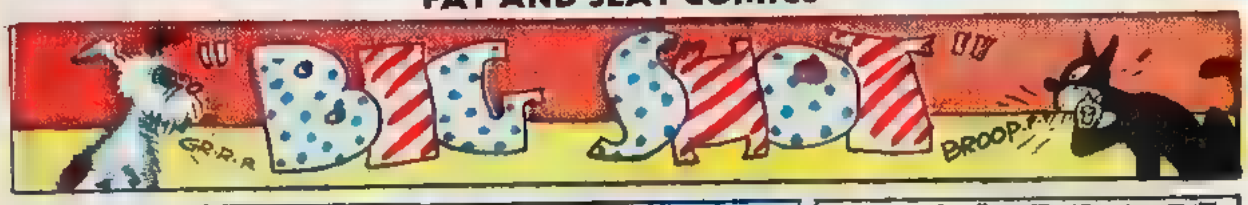
RETURN A BALL AND SEE THE GAME FREE

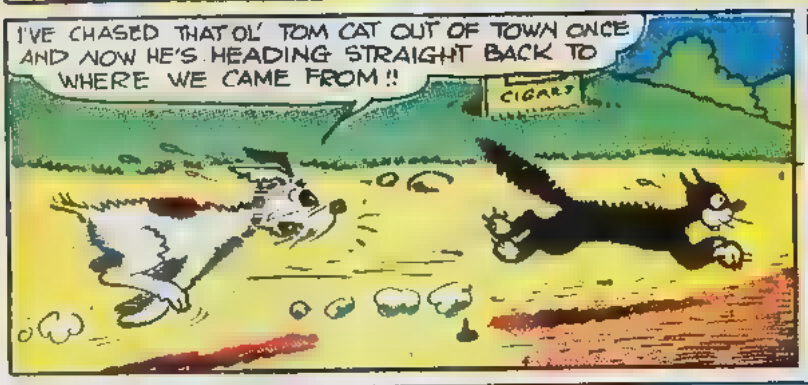
ENTRANCE

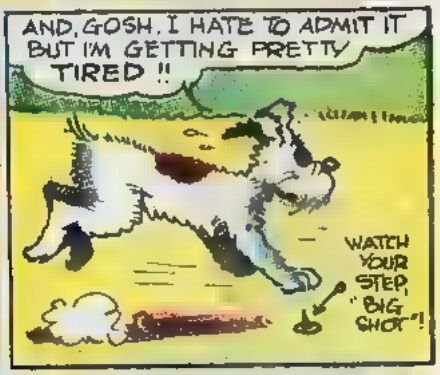
"BIG SHOT"

OH, BOY, I'M THE BIG SHOT ON THIS PAGE! LOOK DOWN AT THE LITTLE PANEL AT THE BOTTOM, FOLKS! SEE WHAT I MEAN?
HELLO·ooo·!
OH, OH,-A PEACH OF A POOCH!
I'LL BE BACK, HONEY, AND LEAVE SOMETHING PRETTY FOR YOU AT THE DOOR!
DON'T FORGET-T!
143
OH, BROTHER,- WHAT A PIPPEROO SHE IS- WOW!!
STATIONARY
FINE ASSORTMENT OF VALENTINES
LUCKY FOR ME FAT GOT THIS TODAY!
IT SHOULD PUT ME IN SOLID WITH HER!
THERE! SHE'LL KNOW WHO IT'S FROM, ALL RIGHT!
143
HELLO, SUSIE - LISTEN...
Z·Z·Z·Z
WHY, FAT, OF COURSE I DIDN'T TAKE BACK MY VALENTINE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN HON'?
FAT and SLAT
SLAT, I CAN SUM UP THE "HELP WANTED" SITUATION IN ONE WORD!!
WHAT WORD IS THAT, FAT?
HELP!
PLOP!

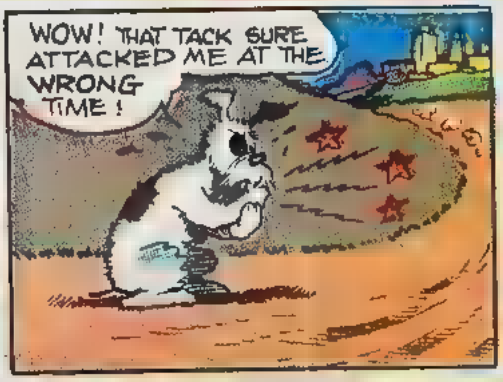

"BIG SHOT"
GRRR.
POP!
ZIP!
CR-A-A-A

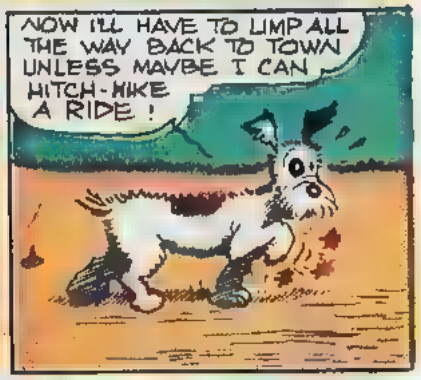

BIG SPOT
GR-R-R
BROOP!

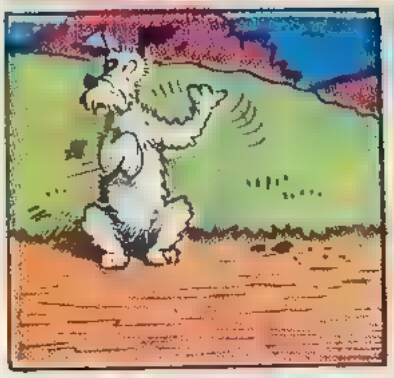

I'VE CHASED THAT OL' TOM CAT OUT OF TOWN ONCE AND NOW HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE CAME FROM !!
CIGARS

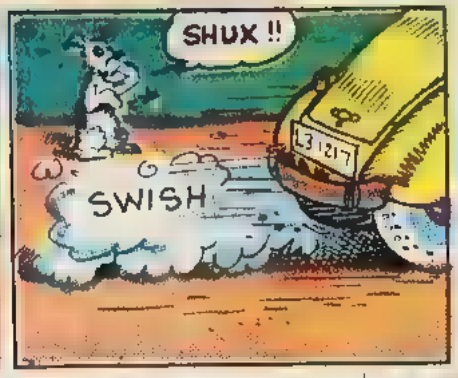

AND, GOSH, I HATE TO ADMIT IT BUT I'M GETTING PRETTY TIRED !!
WATCH YOUR STEP, "BIG SHOT"!

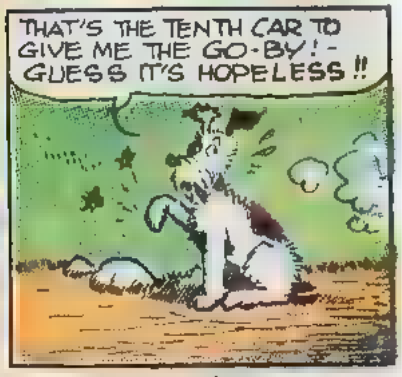
EEE-YOWL-L-L !!

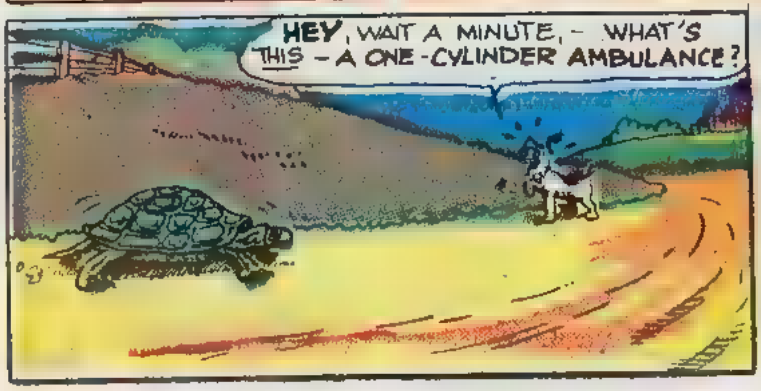

WOW! THAT TACK SURE ATTACKED ME AT THE WRONG TIME !

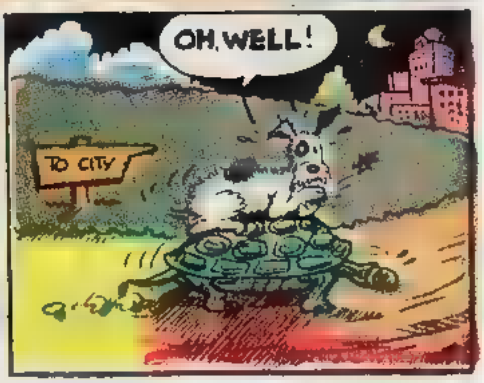

NOW I'LL HAVE TO LIMP ALL THE WAY BACK TO TOWN UNLESS MAYBE I CAN HITCH-HIKE A RIDE !



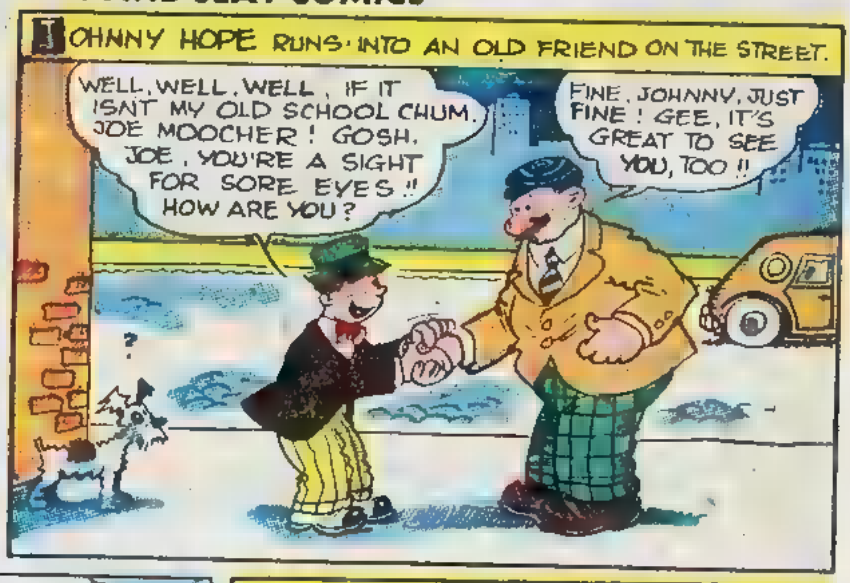

SHUX !!
SWISH
13 1217

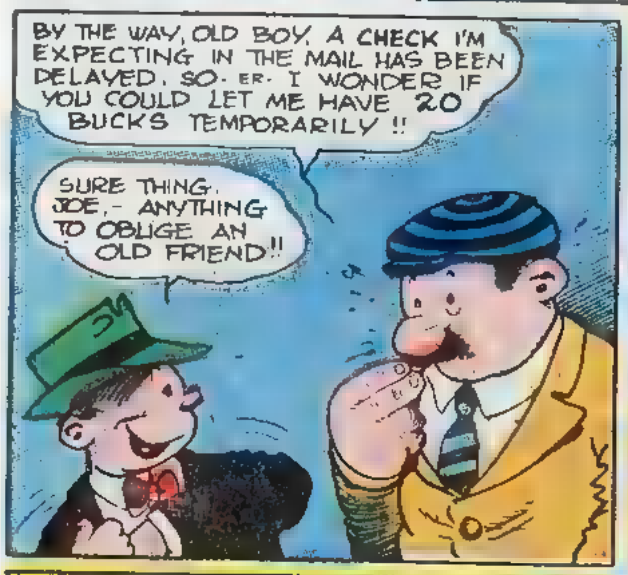

THAT'S THE TENTH CAR TO GIVE ME THE GO-BY! - GUESS IT'S HOPELESS !!

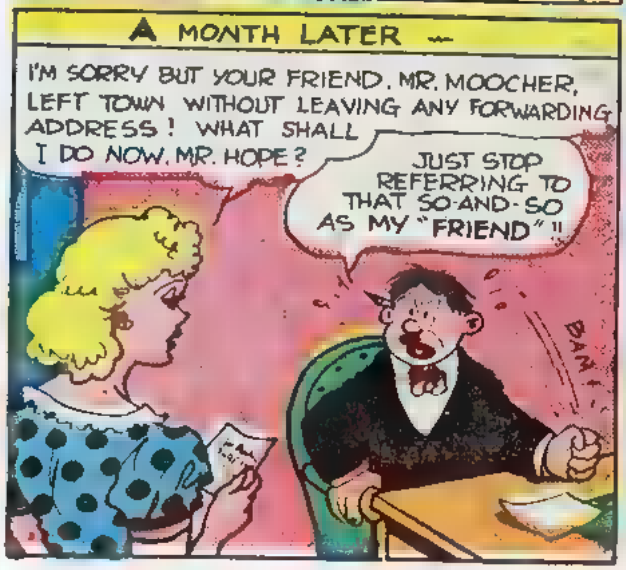

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, - WHAT'S THIS - A ONE-CYLINDER AMBULANCE ?

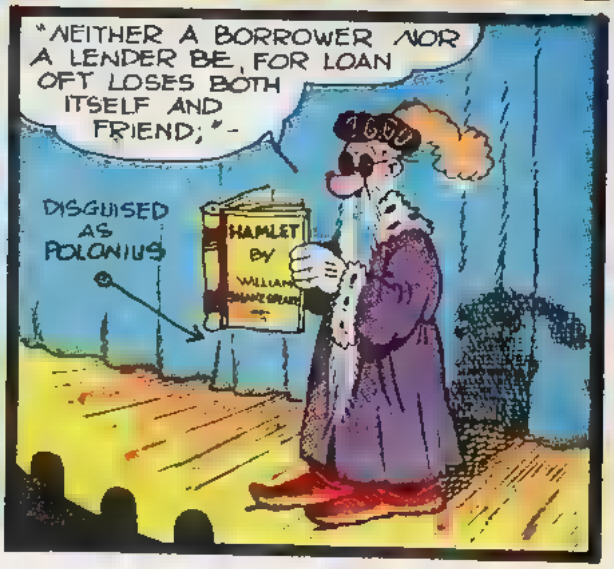

OH, WELL!
TO CITY

FAT AND SLAT COMICS



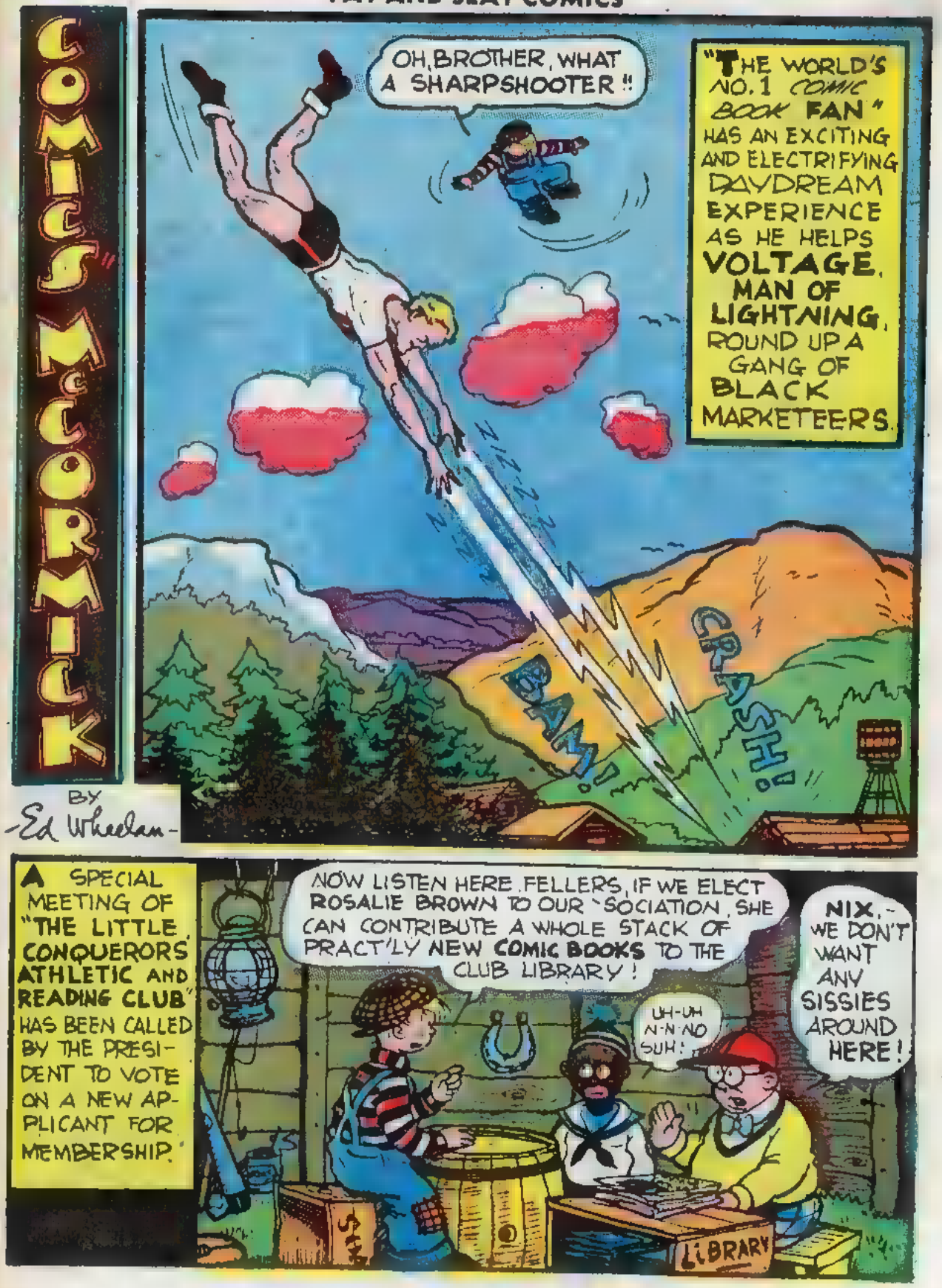






FOLKS, WE WANT YOU TO MEET
"COMICS" McCORMICK
"THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN"
BY Ed Wheelan
"COMICS" IS A DAYDREAMING KID WHO GOES IN FOR SOME OF THE WILDEST, MOST EXCITING MENTAL MEANDERINGS YOU EVER HEARD OF
FREE BOYS AND GIRLS SEND TODAY
BIG CATALOG
COMICS
BUT COME ON NOW AND LET'S MEET HIS MOM AND SISTER, AND SOME OF HIS OTHER PALS.
MARY McCORMICK, HIS MOTHER, HAS A PART-TIME JOB IN A NEAR BY FACTORY
IT'S A GOOD THING I'M NOT A DAY-DREAMER LIKE MY DEAR LITTLE SON!
CONNIE McCORMICK, HIS BLONDE SISTER, IS ANOTHER FAMILY BREAD-WINNER, ACTING AS A PRIVATE SECRETARY

WILBUR WIGGINS, OUR HERO'S CHUBBY CHUM, IS ALSO A RABID AND AVID COMIC BOOK FAN
GOSH, NOW THE "GRUESOME GHOST" IS GONNA ATTACK. CAPT. CUTLASS!
WOWIE, - DR. DEAD AM DISAPPEARIN' INTO DE WALL!
AJAX JOHNSON, YOUNG SON OF THE BROWN'S COLORED COOK, LOVES THE FUNNIES, TOO.
ROSALIE BROWN, "COMICS" GIRL FRIEND, IS A REG'LAR FELLER, AND A SWELL LITTLE PERSON
WAIT A MINUTE, ROSALIE; LEMME HELP YA CARRY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS, WILL YA?"
CLUB HOUSE
"THE LITTLE CONQUERORS ATHLETIC AND READING CLUB"
OFFICER KELLY IS THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD COP
MISS SUSAN SLATE, THE PATIENT SCHOOL TEACHER, HAS HER PROBLEMS
"COMICS" McCORMICK, WILL YOU COME HERE PLEASE?!
2 3 6


COMICS McGORRICK
BY Ed Wheelan
OH, BROTHER, WHAT A SHARPSHOOTER !!
"THE WORLD'S NO. 1 COMIC BOOK FAN" HAS AN EXCITING AND ELECTRIFYING DAYDREAM EXPERIENCE AS HE HELPS VOLTAGE, MAN OF LIGHTNING, ROUND UP A GANG OF BLACK MARKETEERS.
BAM!
CRASH!
A SPECIAL MEETING OF "THE LITTLE CONQUERORS ATHLETIC AND READING CLUB" HAS BEEN CALLED BY THE PRESIDENT TO VOTE ON A NEW APPLICANT FOR MEMBERSHIP.
NOW LISTEN HERE FELLERS, IF WE ELECT ROSALIE BROWN TO OUR 'SOCIATION, SHE CAN CONTRIBUTE A WHOLE STACK OF PRACT'LY NEW COMIC BOOKS TO THE CLUB LIBRARY!
UH-UH N-N-NO SUH!
NIX,- WE DON'T WANT ANY SISSIES AROUND HERE!
LIBRARY

WILBUR WIGGINS, ROTUND CHUM OF "COMICS" McCORMICK, AND AJAX JOHNSON, YOUNG SON OF MRS. ARNICA JOHNSON, THE BROWN'S MAID AND COOK, OFFER TWO DISSENTING VOICES.

NOW YOU CUT THAT OUT, WILBUR! ROSALIE'S NO SISSY EVEN IF SHE IS MY GIRL FRIEND. I BETCHA SHE COULD LICK EITHER YOU OR AJAX WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND 'ER!

AW, POO!

RAZZBERRIES !!!

— LOOK HERE, "COMICS", — THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE LI'L CONQUERORS' CLUB, AN' GIRLS DONT FIT IN AS CONQUERORS! SHUX, ANYBODY KNOWS THAT !!

OH, YEAH ?!! — THEN HOW ABOUT "SUPER-DAME", AN' "LADY WONDER", AN' THE "PINK PIGEON" AN' THE "CRIMSON CANARY" ? — HOW ABOUT THEM — HUH ??!!

!

GOLLY, "COMICS" IS RIGHT, WILBUR, — THEY'S ALL SUPER-DUPER CONQUERORS, SHO' NUF !!

AND SO A SHORT TIME LATER, THE CLUB PRESIDENT RUSHES OFF TO CONGRATULATE A NEW MEMBER.

YIPPEE-E-E !!

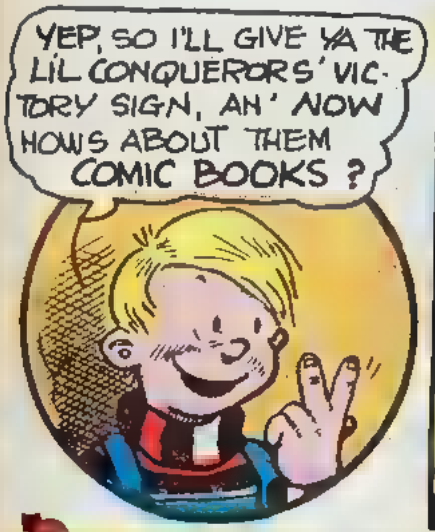
HELLO, ARNICA, WILL YA PLEASE TELL ROSALIE I GOT SOMETHIN' VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL 'ER !!

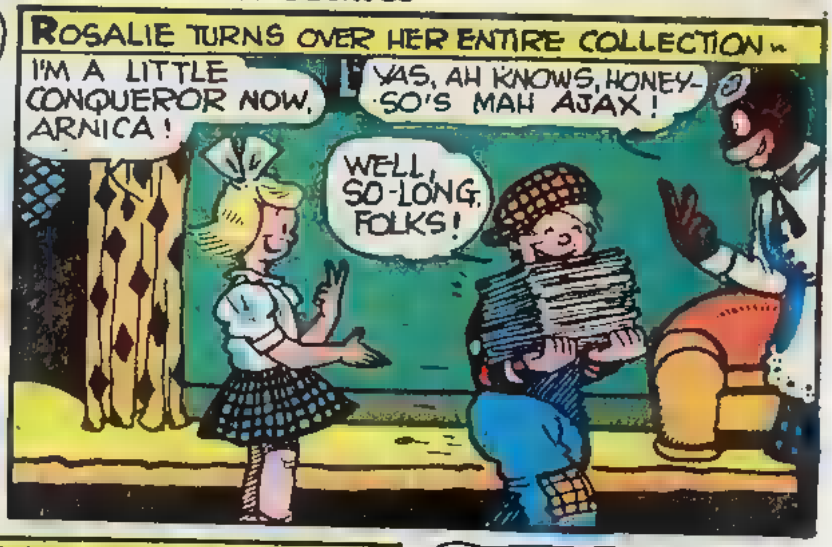
AH SHO' WILL, MASTUH "COMICS", — COME RIGHT IN! HOW IS YO' ?

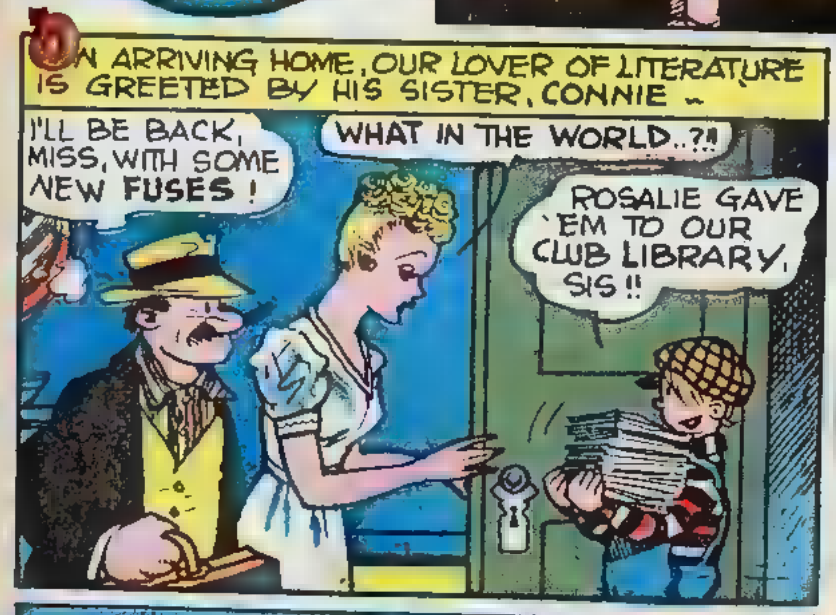
IN A FEW MINUTES.....

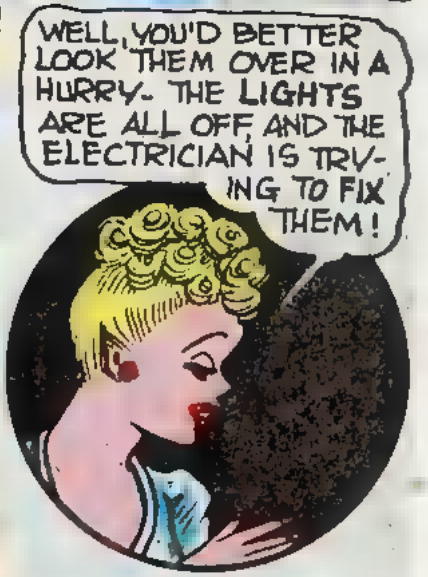
'MEMBER WHAT WE WAS TALKIN 'BOUT LAST SUNDAY, ROSALIE ? WELL, YOU AN' ALL YOUR COMIC BOOKS WAS ELECTED TODAY!

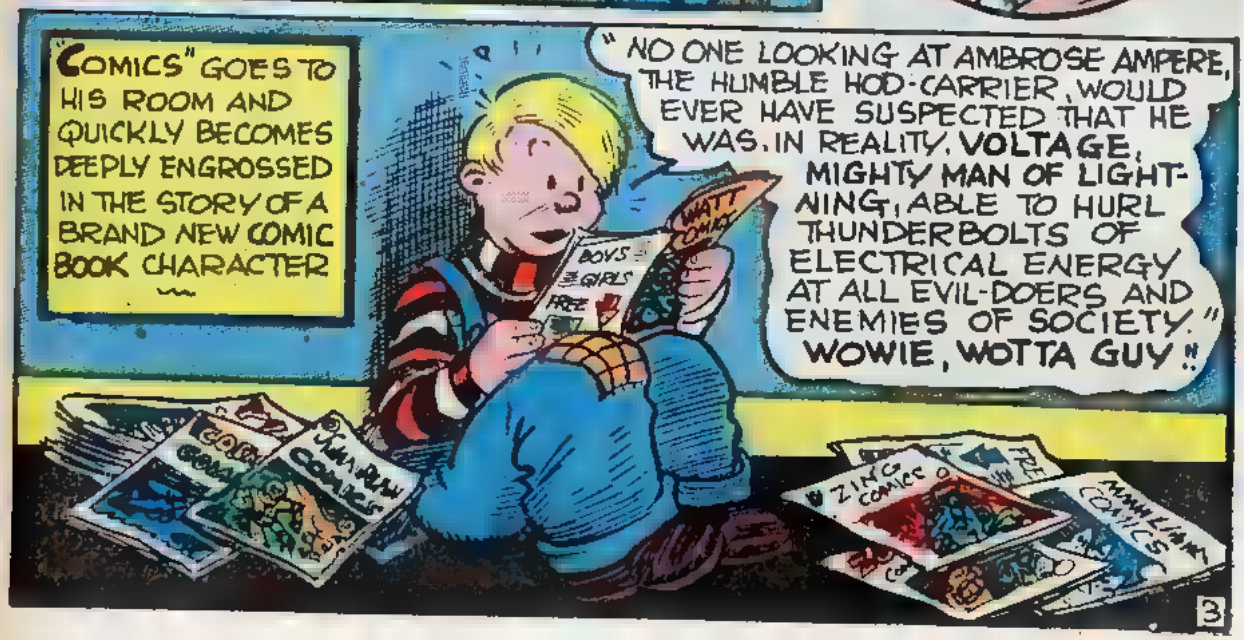
OH, SWELL !! NOW I'M A REAL LITTLE CONQUEROR, TOO!

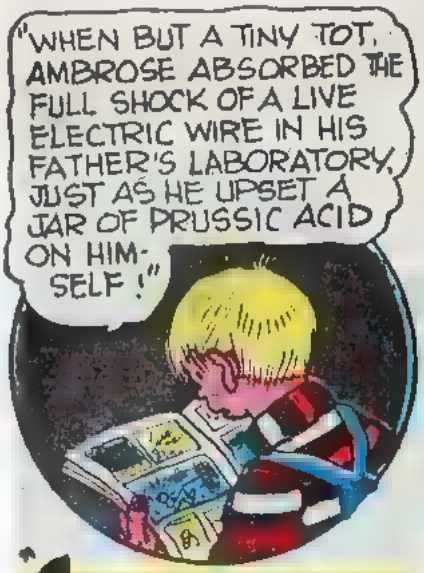

YEP, SO I'LL GIVE YA THE LIL CONQUEROR'S VICTORY SIGN, AN' NOW HOWS ABOUT THEM COMIC BOOKS ?

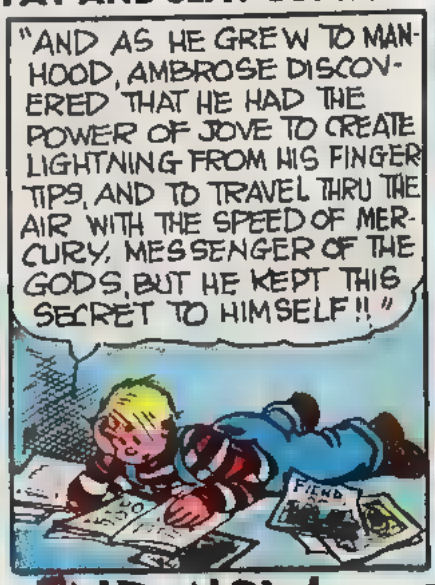

ROSALIE TURNS OVER HER ENTIRE COLLECTION ..
I'M A LITTLE CONQUEROR NOW, ARNICA !
YAS, AH KNOWS, HONEY- SO'S MAH AJAX !
WELL, SO-LONG, FOLKS !


ON ARRIVING HOME, OUR LOVER OF LITERATURE IS GREETED BY HIS SISTER, CONNIE ..
I'LL BE BACK, MISS, WITH SOME NEW FUSES !
WHAT IN THE WORLD..?!
ROSALIE GAVE 'EM TO OUR CLUB LIBRARY, SIS !!


WELL, YOU'D BETTER LOOK THEM OVER IN A HURRY- THE LIGHTS ARE ALL OFF, AND THE ELECTRICIAN IS TRYING TO FIX THEM !

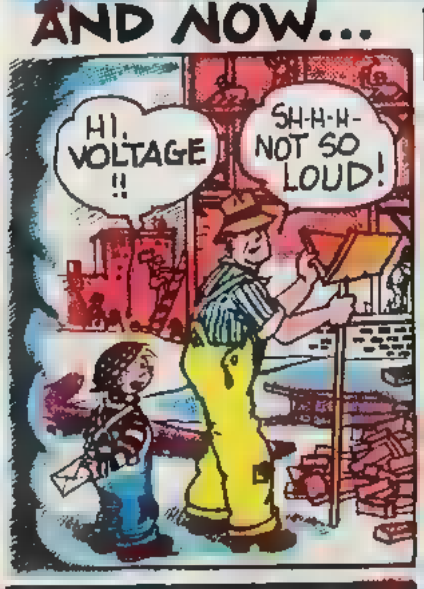

"COMICS" GOES TO HIS ROOM AND QUICKLY BECOMES DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN THE STORY OF A BRAND NEW COMIC BOOK CHARACTER
" NO ONE LOOKING AT AMBROSE AMPERE, THE HUMBLE HOD-CARRIER, WOULD EVER HAVE SUSPECTED THAT HE WAS, IN REALITY, VOLTAGE, MIGHTY MAN OF LIGHTNING, ABLE TO HURL THUNDERBOLTS OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY AT ALL EVIL-DOERS AND ENEMIES OF SOCIETY. "
WOWIE, WOTTA GUY !!
BOYS & GIRLS FREE
ZING COMICS


"WHEN BUT A TINY TOT, AMBROSE ABSORBED THE FULL SHOCK OF A LIVE ELECTRIC WIRE IN HIS FATHER'S LABORATORY, JUST AS HE UPSET A JAR OF PRUSSIC ACID ON HIMSELF!"

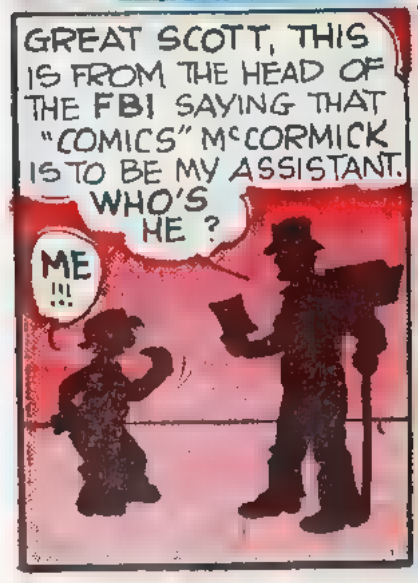

"AND AS HE GREW TO MANHOOD, AMBROSE DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD THE POWER OF JOVE TO CREATE LIGHTNING FROM HIS FINGER TIPS, AND TO TRAVEL THRU THE AIR WITH THE SPEED OF MERCURY, MESSENGER OF THE GODS, BUT HE KEPT THIS SECRET TO HIMSELF!!"

GOSH, NOW HE'S PRETENDING TO BE A HOD-CARRIER SO THAT HE CAN GET THE GOODS ON THE RACKETEERS WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BLACK MARKET IN BUILDING MATERIALS!

"COMICS" IS GREATLY INTRIGUED BY THE EXPLOITS OF AMBROSE, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS VOLTAGE, AND READS THE STORY OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN -
WOTTA GUY! - GEE!!


AND NOW...
HI, VOLTAGE!!
SH-H-H- NOT SO LOUD!

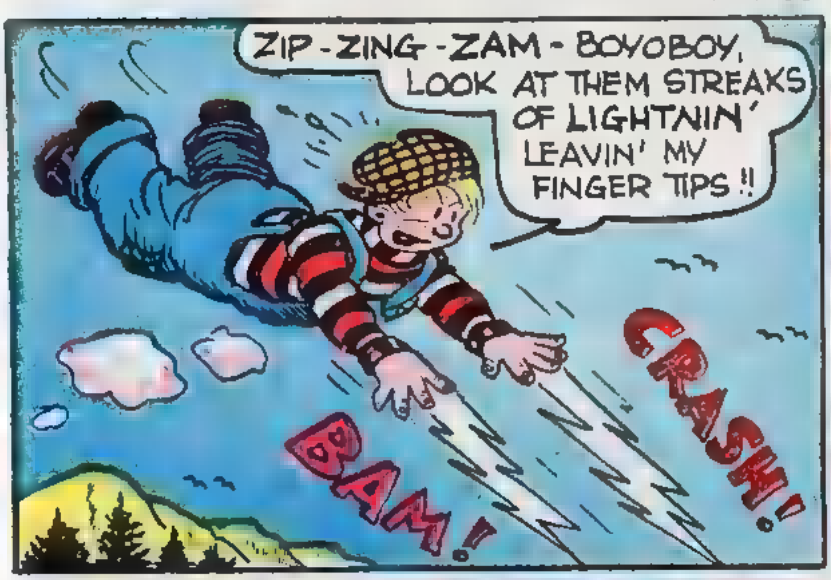
SAY, WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY - HOW DID YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
THIS LETTER WILL EXPLAIN ALL, AMBROSE!!

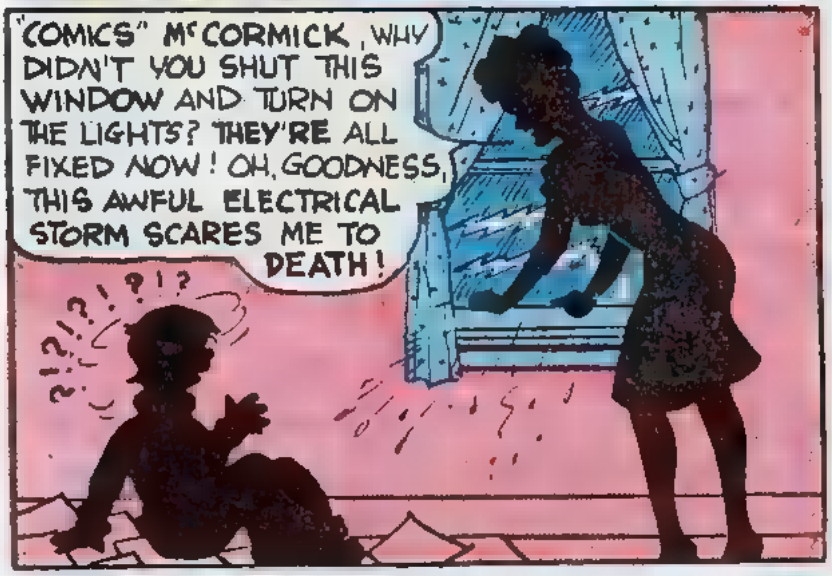

GREAT SCOTT, THIS IS FROM THE HEAD OF THE FBI SAYING THAT "COMICS" McCORMICK IS TO BE MY ASSISTANT.
WHO'S HE?
ME!!!

LISTEN, FELLER, WE HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO LOSE 'CAUSE I'M GOIN' TO TAKE YA TO WHERE ALL THIS "HOT" LUMBER IS COMIN' FROM.- SO GIMME YOUR HAND, AN' TURN ON THE JUICE!!

OKAY, PAL - HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT!
WOW!!!

CHARGED WITH VOLTAGE'S HIGH ELECTRONIC VIBRATIONS, "COMICS" STREAKS THRU THE AIR LIKE A METEOR, FOLLOWED BY THE KING OF THE KILOWATTS -
LEAD THE WAY, "COMICS", I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
WE GOTTA GET UP IN THE NORTH WOODS FIRST, PARDNER!
IN NO TIME AT ALL THEY ARE AT THEIR DESTINATION -
THERE'S THE BLACK MARKET SAWMILL, VOLTAGE, GIVE IT A SHOT OF LIGHTNIN'!
CRASH!
THE STARTLED LUMBERJACKS LOOK UP IN AMAZEMENT.
BY GAR, SHE SOUND LIKE STORM BUT SKY SHE IS ALL CLEAR!
PANIC SEIZES THE MILL HANDS AND LUMBERJACKS AS THEY SEE THE HUMAN DYNAMO AND "COMICS" HURTLING ABOVE THEIR HEADS -
LOOKS LIKE A BIRD!
NO IT'S A PLANE!
NO - IT'S A COUPLE OF OTHER FELLOWS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
GEE, THERE GOES THE SAWMILL UP IN SMOKE !!
YES, PAL, AND NOW I'M GOING DOWN THERE AND ROUND UP THAT GANG OF LUMBER RACKETEERS!
MEANWHILE, YOU GO OVER AND DESTROY THAT LOG CHUTE AND TINY RAILROAD TRACK WITH SOME BOLTS OF LIGHTNING!
GEE, D'YA MEAN I CAN SHOOT THAT STUFF FROM MY HANDS, TOO?

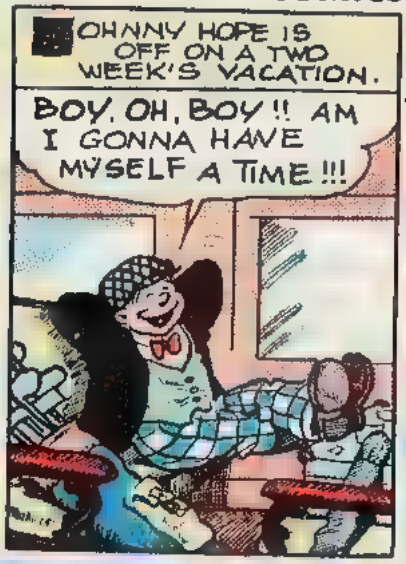




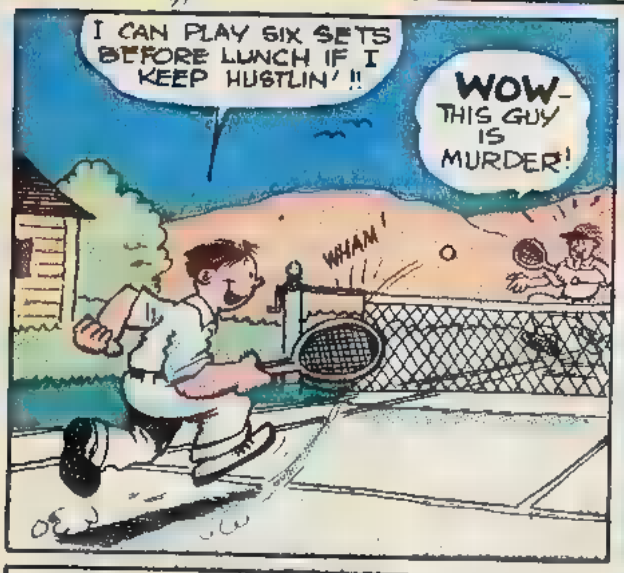
LOOK FOR ANOTHER DYNAMIC DAYDREAM DRAMA WITH EVERYBODY'S BUDDY, "COMICS" McCORMICK, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FAT and SLAT

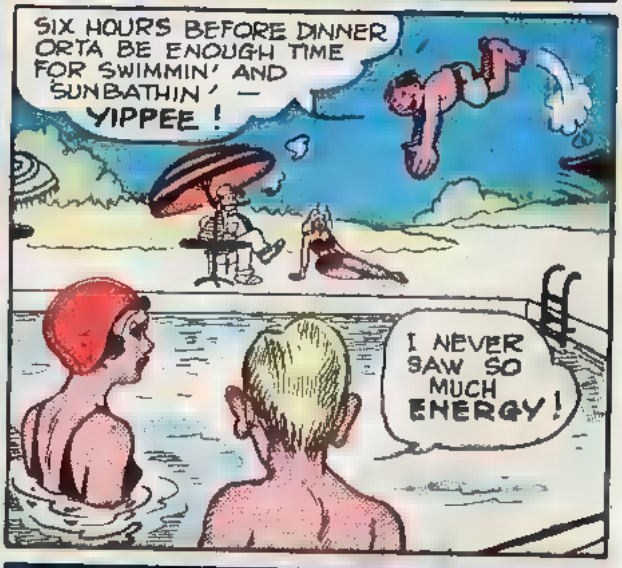
WATCH FOR IT!

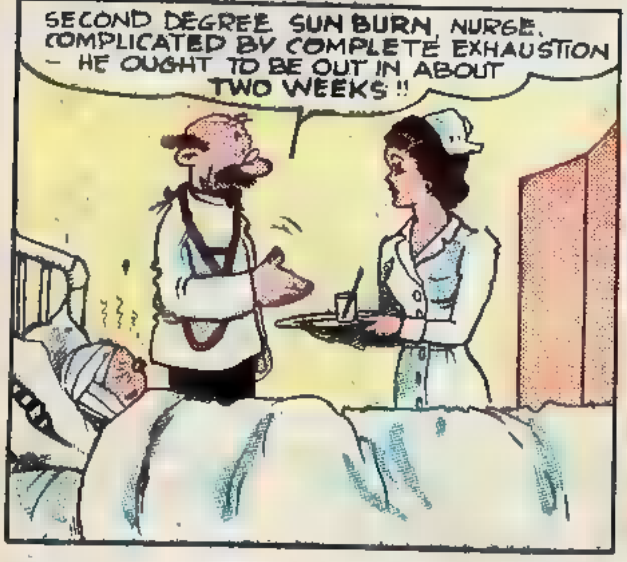
OLD MAN
EXPERIENCE

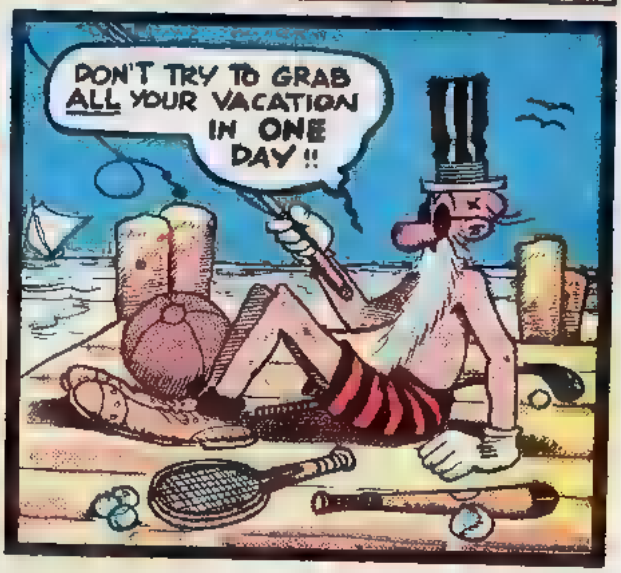

JOHNNY HOPE IS OFF ON A TWO WEEK'S VACATION.
BOY, OH, BOY!! AM I GONNA HAVE MYSELF A TIME!!!

EARLY THE NEXT DAY —
I ORTA BE ABLE TO GET IN 36 HOLES BEFORE BREAKFAST! — FORE!!


I CAN PLAY SIX SETS BEFORE LUNCH IF I KEEP HUSTLIN'!!
WOW- THIS GUY IS MURDER!
WHAM!


SIX HOURS BEFORE DINNER ORTA BE ENOUGH TIME FOR SWIMMIN' AND SUNBATHIN' — YIPPEE!
I NEVER SAW SO MUCH ENERGY!


SECOND DEGREE SUN BURN, NURSE. COMPLICATED BY COMPLETE EXHAUSTION — HE OUGHT TO BE OUT IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS!!


DON'T TRY TO GRAB ALL YOUR VACATION IN ONE DAY!!

CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

"SNAP out of it, Kid," hissed a gruff voice from out of nowhere. "Whatcha doin' . . . DAY-DREAMIN'?" With a start Jackie Mason found himself staring into the barrel of a snub-nosed revolver, held in the hand of a shabby and unshaven man.

It was late afternoon, and already the shadows of the great city were beginning to creep over the little shack in the vacant lot. This crudely built affair was really the secret meeting-place and clubhouse of the LITTLE GIANT-KILLER'S SOCIAL CLUB, of which young Jackie was President and chief Giant-Killer. Today, the boy had come to the clubhouse after school, with his new comic book, THE PHANTOM-FIEND QUARTERLY . . . which he had diligently read several times, from cover-to-cover. Then, as he considered the wicked crimes and incredible exploits of this arch-criminal and enemy of society, the Phantom-Fiend, young Jackie's mind gradually wandered off into one of the daydream adventures which were so much a part of his daily life . . . and in which he was always so actively engaged on the side of Law and Order. His emergence from these vivid flights of imagination was varied, and often was accompanied by a slight shock to the boy's impressionable mind. But never in all his daydreaming experience had the awakening been so sudden and so completely terrifying as it was NOW!

JACKIE rubbed his eyes vigorously and looked again at the intruder who had forced his way into the little clubhouse, without so much as a knock.

The boy struggled to his feet, his body tense and his fists clenched.

"W-who are you?" he stammered in a voice not nearly so calm and collected as the one he used in his exciting daydreams.

With a rough gesture the man shoved Jackie back onto the wooden box where he had been seated.

"Shut up, Kid!" he growled. "Never mind the questions—I'LL do all the talkin' around here—GET ME?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jackie . . . but he noticed that he no longer stammered and, curiously enough, that he was beginning to get angry, and not frightened.

The boy looked the man over carefully and came to the conclusion that he was a petty crook of some sort, maybe a burglar or a second-story man . . . and that he must be attempting to hide from someone by concealing himself in the little clubhouse.

While Jackie was appraising the unwelcome intruder, the man fingered his gun nervously and kept peering through the spaces between the rough boards which comprised the walls of the old shack. In a few moments he let out a smothered oath and grabbed Jackie.

"Listen, Kid," he hissed, "one peep outer ya and I'll let ya have it . . . understan'?"

Jackie could hear the sound of hurried footsteps in the vacant lot, and they seemed to be coming towards the clubhouse. The gunman now held the boy in front of him and his grip was like iron. "Shhh . . ." he whispered, "not a sound, Kid!"

Jackie marveled at his own calmness. He couldn't quite account for it, but it was as if every nerve and fibre of his body was alerted, so as to meet successfully any situation which might now arise.

"Hey, Jackie Mason . . . are you in there?" a voice boomed from outside . . . a voice which Jackie recognized as that of Officer Finnegan, the friendly neighborhood cop.

The gunman whispered to Jackie, "Open the door, and tell him ya ain't seen or heard no one, if he asks ya! An' remember . . . one false move an' I'll shoot ya fulla holes!"

Jackie opened the clubhouse door half-way and shouted, "Hello, Officer Finnegan . . . yes, I'm here!"

He was surprised to notice that the good-natured policeman had drawn his service revolver and had an angry scowl on his usually jovial face.

"Tell me, my boy . . . have you seen anything of a stranger snooping around these parts? I'm on the trail of some rat who has been robbing the people of this section for the past month or so. I know he's somewhere around here because I saw him turn the corner on the run a few minutes ago!"

"Say NO!" The man poked his gun into the boy's back.

"NO!" shouted Jackie, but the gunman couldn't see the series of crazy expressions which suddenly flitted in fast succession over the boy's face.

Officer Finnegan, who was about to leave the vacant lot, looked on in amazement as the boy continued to make faces at him.

"Say, are you all right, lad?" he asked, coming closer . . . greatly puzzled by his little friend's unusual behaviour. Jackie could feel the gun in his ribs, but the hand which held it was beginning to tremble.

Suddenly with the strength and swiftness of a young tiger, Jackie struck a backhand blow which knocked the gun from the hand of the surprised crook . . . and the pistol went off with a BANG! The slug buried itself harmlessly in the thick boards of the clubhouse wall.

With one bound Officer Finnegan was in the doorway. There on the floor of the shack the crook lay sprawled . . . and sitting on his chest was Jackie Mason!

LATER, at the Station House, after the crook had been locked up, Jackie got the surprise of his life.

"Son, did you know," asked the desk-sergeant, with a big smile, "that there was a ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR REWARD for information leading to the capture of this neighborhood burglar? As far as I can see, the money is all YOURS!"

Jackie opened his mouth to say something, but no sound came forth. He looked at the desk-sergeant, and then at Officer Finnegan. Finally, he was able to stammer: "G-gee . . . g-gosh . . . do you really m-mean it?"

"Sure thing, Jackie," broke in Officer Finnegan. "It's yours to take home this very minute!"

"W-well" . . . and there were tears of joy in the boy's eyes as he spoke, "I'd like you to have HALF of it, Officer Finnegan! Honest I would!"

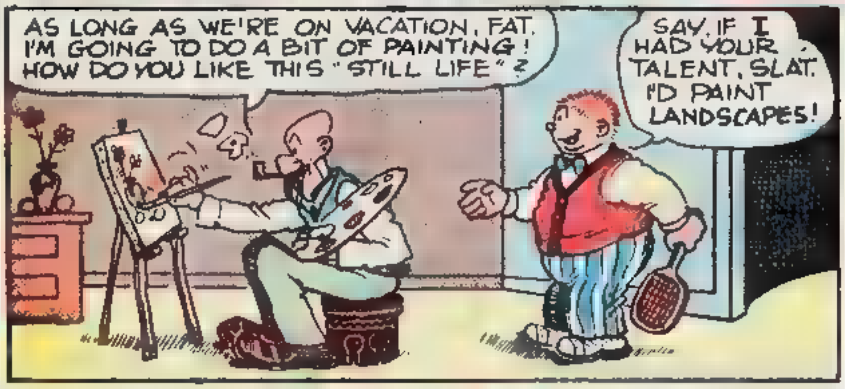
The kindly policeman gave the youngster a friendly hug. "Nonsense, my boy! And you'd better take the reward money and run along home to your mother, before I run you in for loitering! Do you hear me, lad?"

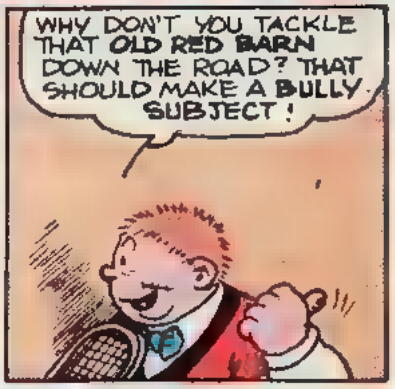
"Okay, Officer Finnegan!" laughed Jackie, as he tucked the reward money into his back pocket and fastened the button over it. "But could I see the prisoner for a second? I'd like to give him a little word of advice!"

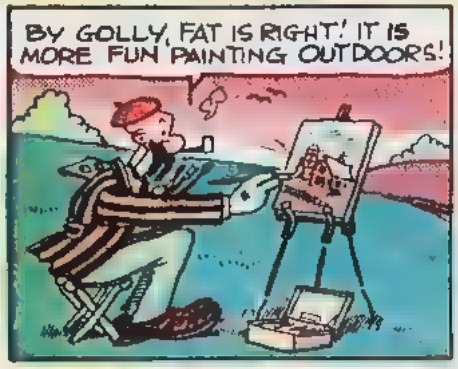
"Okay, lad! But you'll have to speak to him through the bars of his cell!"

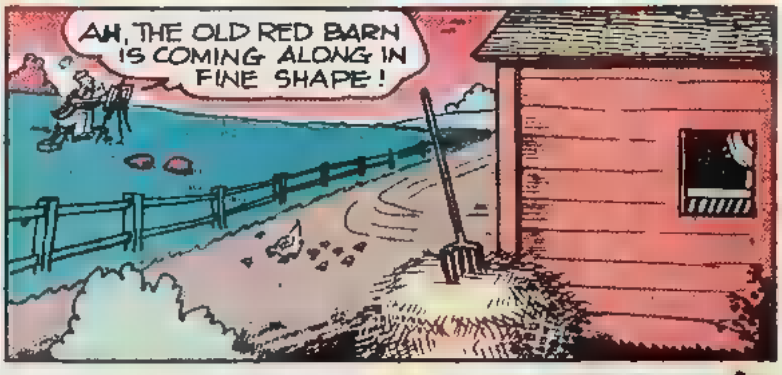
A MOMENT later, Jackie Mason stood before the captured thief. "Listen bud," he said quietly, "some day you guys who break the law will learn what every kid who reads Comic Books knows already. It's simply this . . . CRIME DOESN'T PAY!"

FAT AND SLAT.

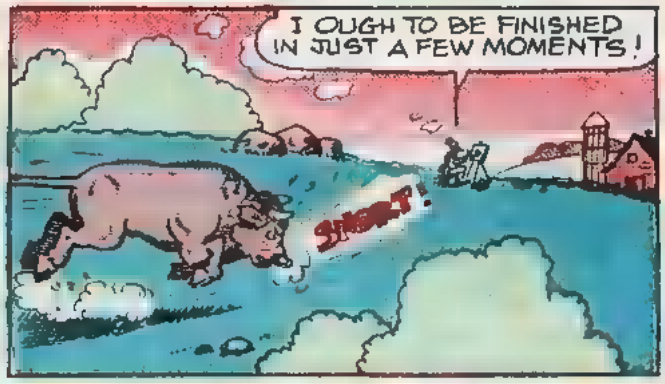

AS LONG AS WE'RE ON VACATION, FAT, I'M GOING TO DO A BIT OF PAINTING! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS "STILL LIFE"?
SAY, IF I HAD YOUR TALENT, SLAT, I'D PAINT LANDSCAPES!

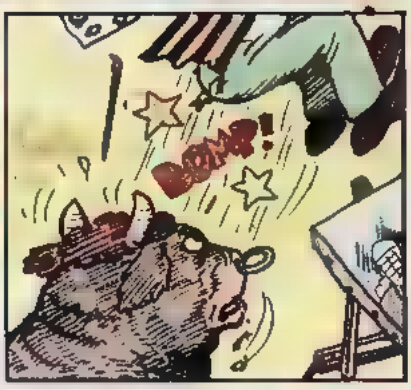

WHY DON'T YOU TACKLE THAT OLD RED BARN DOWN THE ROAD? THAT SHOULD MAKE A BULLY SUBJECT!

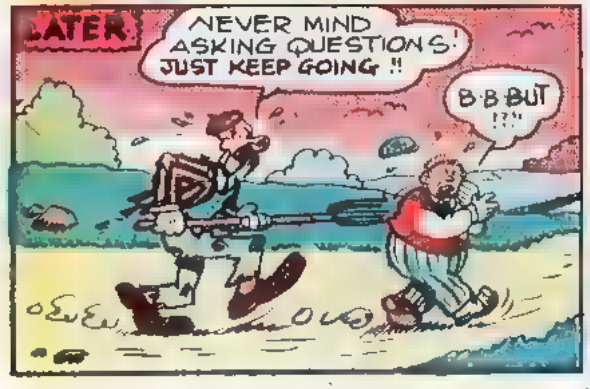

BY GOLLY, FAT IS RIGHT! IT IS MORE FUN PAINTING OUTDOORS!

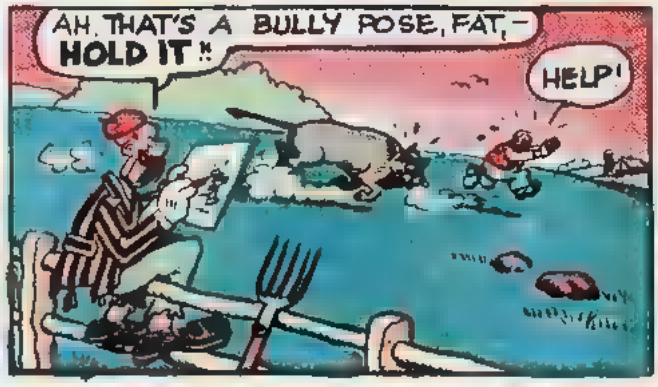

AH, THE OLD RED BARN IS COMING ALONG IN FINE SHAPE!

BUT UNKNOWN TO SLAT SOMETHING ELSE IS ALSO COMING ALONG IN FINE SHAPE

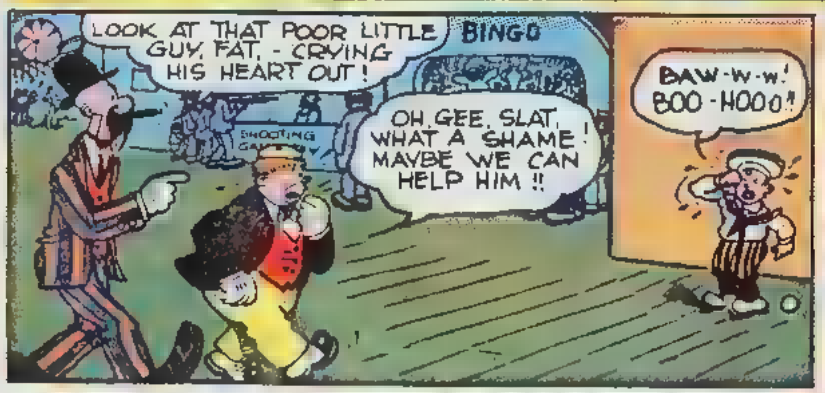

I OUGH TO BE FINISHED IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS!
SNORT!


BOING!


LATER.
NEVER MIND ASKING QUESTIONS! JUST KEEP GOING!!
B-B-BUT !?!


AH, THAT'S A BULLY POSE, FAT,— HOLD IT!!
HELP!

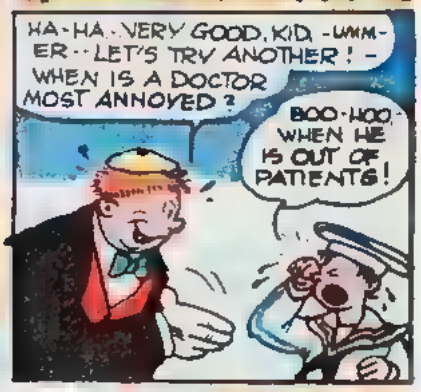
FAT and SLAT.

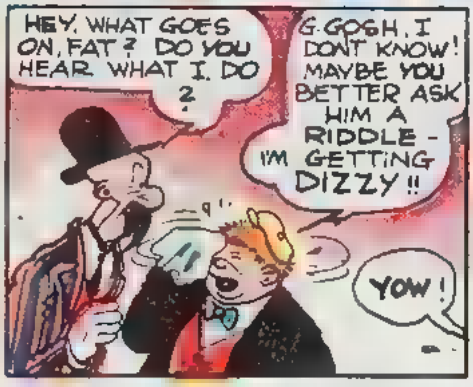

LOOK AT THAT POOR LITTLE GUY, FAT, - CRYING HIS HEART OUT!
BINGO
OH, GEE, SLAT, WHAT A SHAME! MAYBE WE CAN HELP HIM!!
BAW-W-W! BOO-HOOO!!

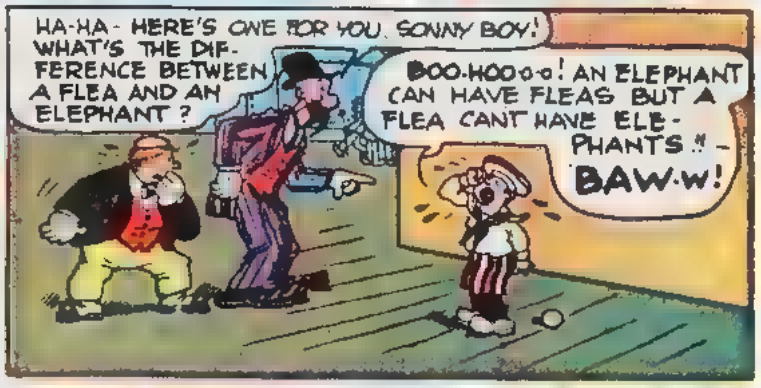
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY LITTLE MAN?
I'VE LOST MY F-FATHER! BOO-HOOOO!!

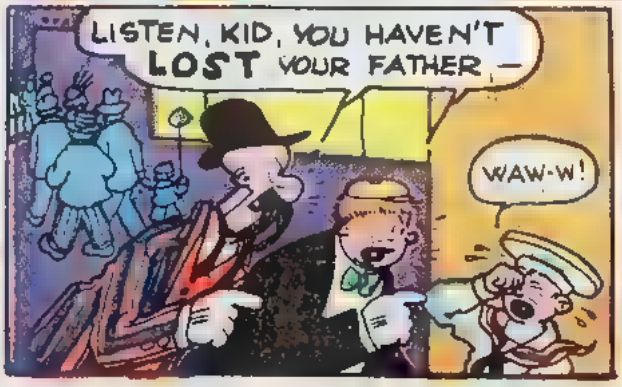
AW, NOW, DON'T CRY, SONNY! LISTEN, SLAT AND I WILL ASK YOU SOME RIDDLES AND THEN MAKE YOU LAUGH WITH OUR FUNNY ANSWERS - HA-HA!!

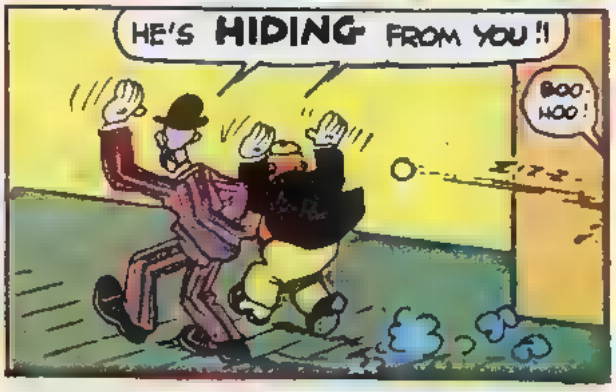
NOW HERE'S THE FIRST ONE! - WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A COAT LAST?
BOO-HOO! MAKE THE VEST AND PANTS FIRST!


HA-HA, VERY GOOD, KID, -UMM-ER-- LET'S TRY ANOTHER! - WHEN IS A DOCTOR MOST ANNOYED?
BOO-HOO, WHEN HE IS OUT OF PATIENTS!

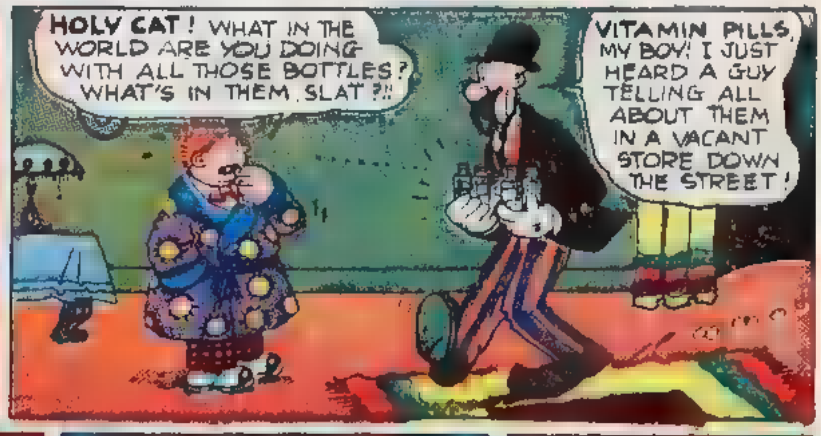

HEY, WHAT GOES ON, FAT? DO YOU HEAR WHAT I DO?
G-GOSH, I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE YOU BETTER ASK HIM A RIDDLE - I'M GETTING DIZZY!!
YOW!

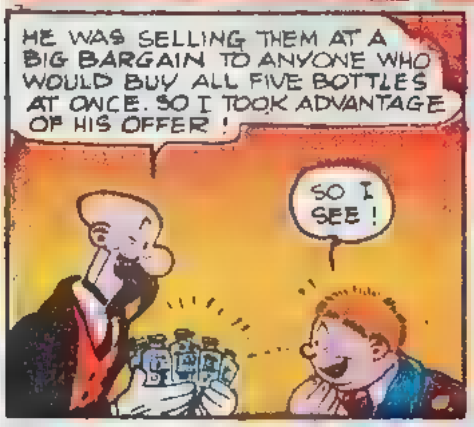

HA-HA - HERE'S ONE FOR YOU, SONNY BOY! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FLEA AND AN ELEPHANT?
BOO-HOOO-O! AN ELEPHANT CAN HAVE FLEAS BUT A FLEA CANT HAVE ELEPHANTS!! - BAW-W!

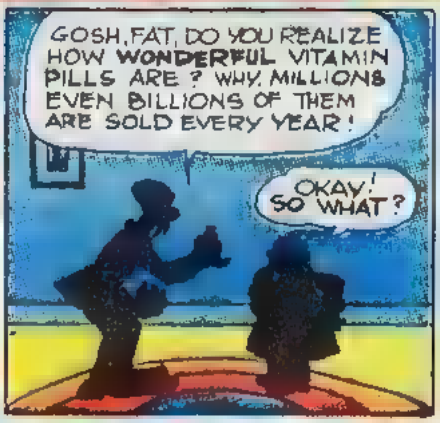

LISTEN, KID, YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR FATHER, -
WAW-W!


HE'S HIDING FROM YOU!!
BOO-HOO!

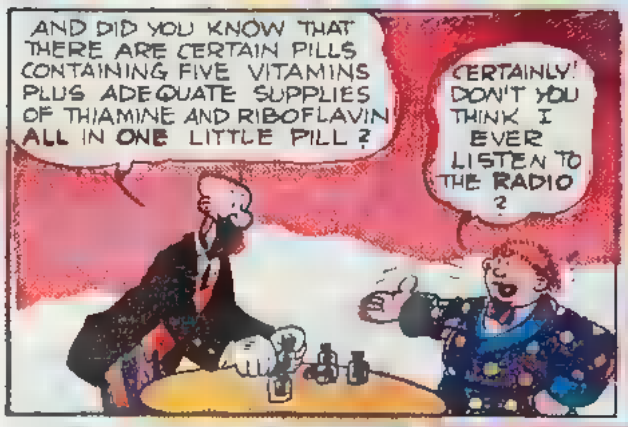
FAT
and
SLAT

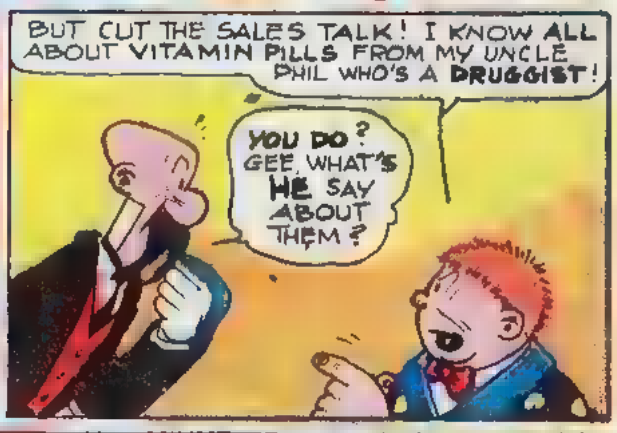

HOLY CAT! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING WITH ALL THOSE BOTTLES? WHAT'S IN THEM, SLAT?!!
VITAMIN PILLS, MY BOY! I JUST HEARD A GUY TELLING ALL ABOUT THEM IN A VACANT STORE DOWN THE STREET!

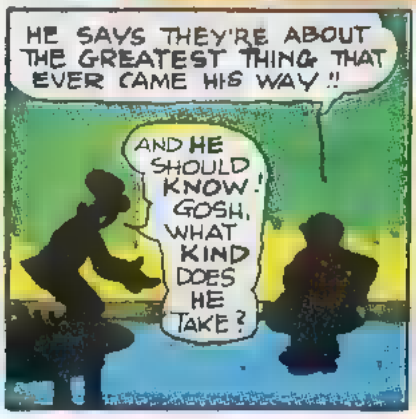

HE WAS SELLING THEM AT A BIG BARGAIN TO ANYONE WHO WOULD BUY ALL FIVE BOTTLES AT ONCE. SO I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIS OFFER!
SO I SEE!

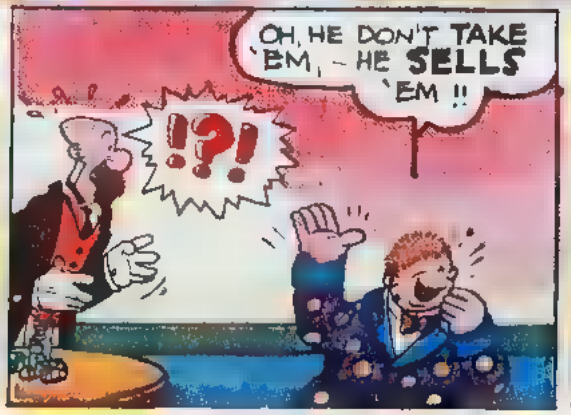

GOSH, FAT, DO YOU REALIZE HOW WONDERFUL VITAMIN PILLS ARE? WHY, MILLIONS EVEN BILLIONS OF THEM ARE SOLD EVERY YEAR!
OKAY! SO WHAT?

SO THE MAN SAID THAT IF I TOOK ALL THESE PILLS AS DIRECTED I'D SOON BE A DIFFERENT MAN!
I'D LIKE THAT FINE!


AND DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN PILLS CONTAINING FIVE VITAMINS PLUS ADEQUATE SUPPLIES OF THIAMINE AND RIBOFLAVIN ALL IN ONE LITTLE PILL?
CERTAINLY! DON'T YOU THINK I EVER LISTEN TO THE RADIO?

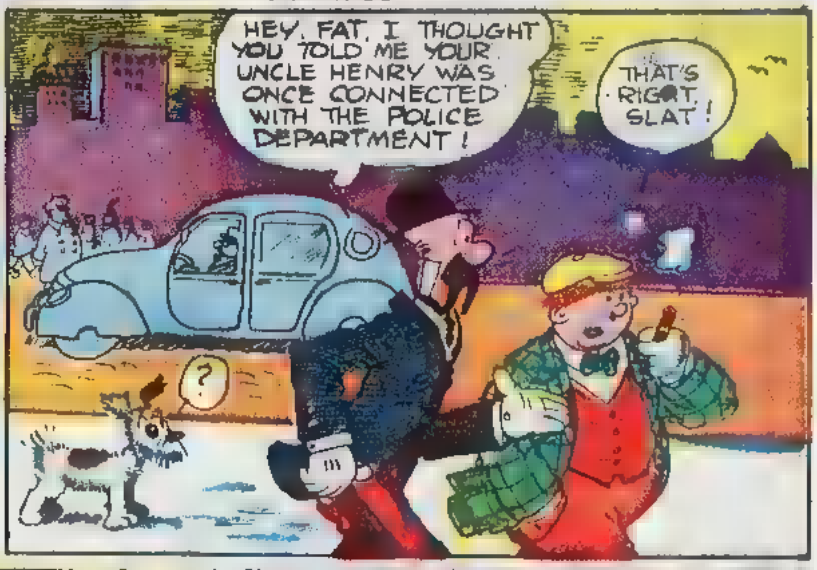

BUT CUT THE SALES TALK! I KNOW ALL ABOUT VITAMIN PILLS FROM MY UNCLE PHIL WHO'S A DRUGGIST!
YOU DO? GEE, WHAT'S HE SAY ABOUT THEM?

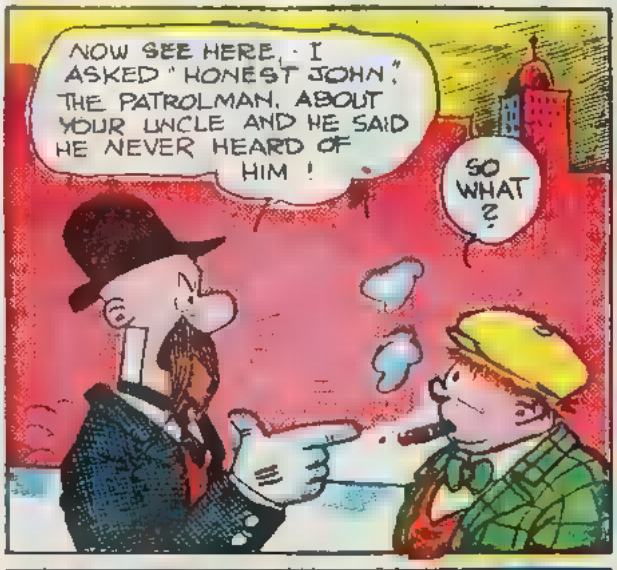

HE SAYS THEY'RE ABOUT THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER CAME HIS WAY!!
AND HE SHOULD KNOW! GOSH, WHAT KIND DOES HE TAKE?


OH, HE DON'T TAKE 'EM, - HE SELLS 'EM!!
!?!

ZOK!

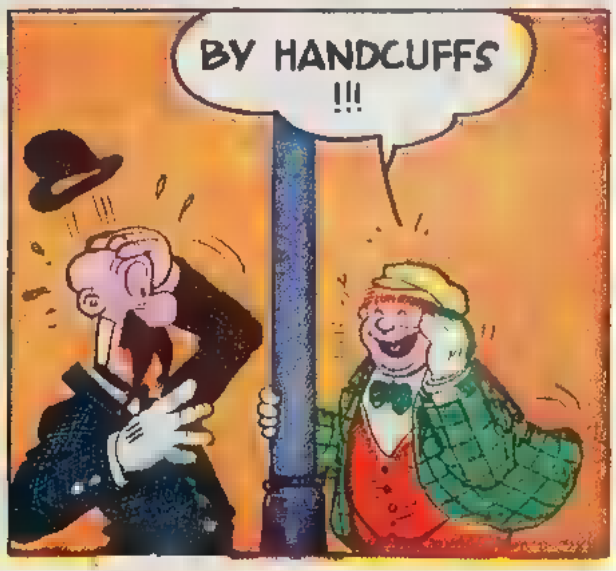
FAT
and
SLAT


HEY, FAT, I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOUR UNCLE HENRY WAS ONCE CONNECTED WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!
THAT'S RIGHT, SLAT!
?

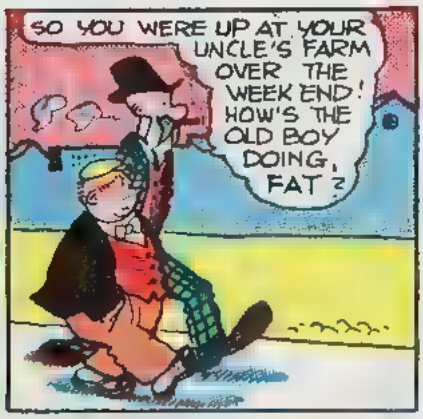

NOW SEE HERE, I ASKED "HONEST JOHN", THE PATROLMAN, ABOUT YOUR UNCLE AND HE SAID HE NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
SO WHAT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "SO WHAT?"?! WHY, "HONEST JOHN" HAS KNOWN EVERY MEMBER OF THE FORCE FOR THE PAST FORTY YEARS!
SO WHAT?

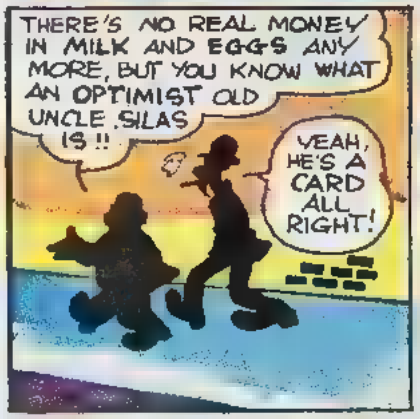
ALL RIGHT THEN, TELL ME WHAT CONNECTION DID YOUR UNCLE HAVE WITH THE DEPARTMENT? HOW WAS HE ATTACHED TO THE POLICE FORCE?

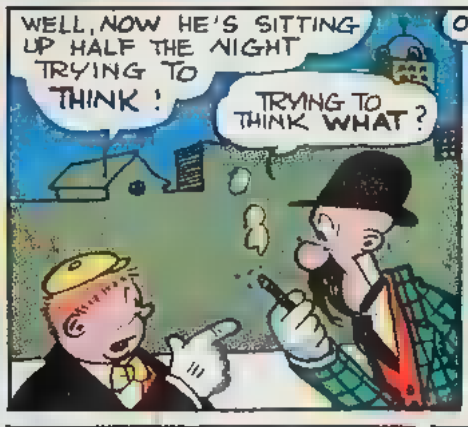

BY HANDCUFFS !!!

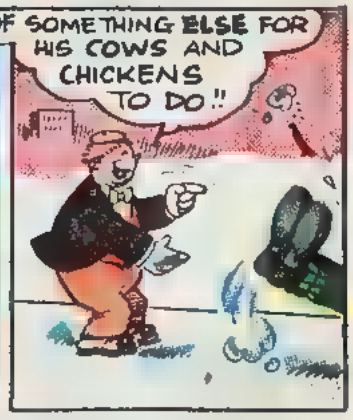
FAT
and
SLAT

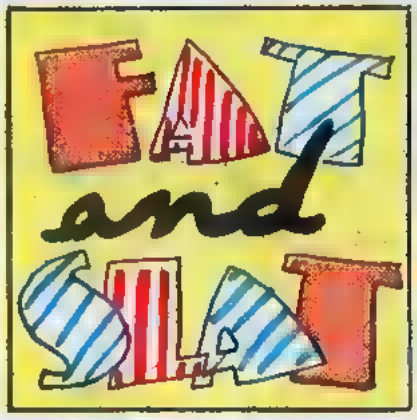

SO YOU WERE UP AT YOUR UNCLE'S FARM OVER THE WEEK END! HOW'S THE OLD BOY DOING, FAT?

NOT SO HOT, SLAT! THE FARMING RACKET IS PRETTY TOUGH THESE DAYS!

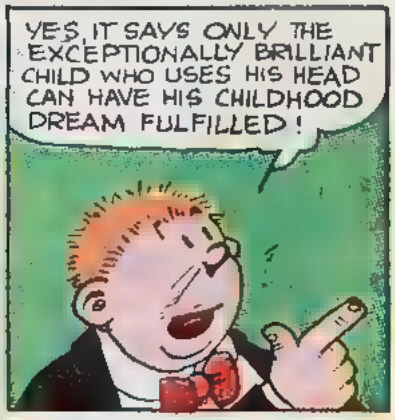

THERE'S NO REAL MONEY IN MILK AND EGGS ANY MORE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT AN OPTIMIST OLD UNCLE SILAS IS!!
YEAH, HE'S A CARD ALL RIGHT!

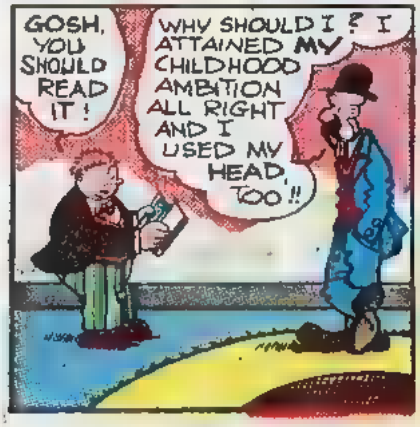

WELL, NOW HE'S SITTING UP HALF THE NIGHT TRYING TO THINK!
TRYING TO THINK WHAT?


OF SOMETHING ELSE FOR HIS COWS AND CHICKENS TO DO!!


FAT
and
SLAT

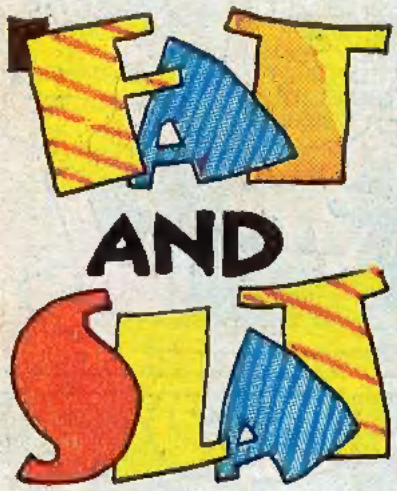
SLAT, THIS BOOK TELLS HOW VERY FEW OF US EVER ATTAIN OUR CHILDHOOD AMBITIONS!
OH, YEAH?


YES, IT SAYS ONLY THE EXCEPTIONALLY BRILLIANT CHILD WHO USES HIS HEAD CAN HAVE HIS CHILDHOOD DREAM FULFILLED!

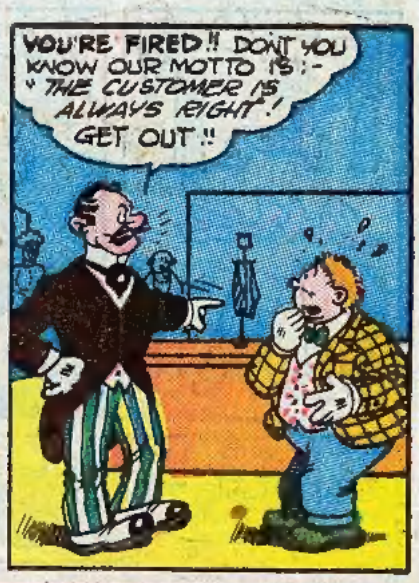

GOSH, YOU SHOULD READ IT!
WHY SHOULD I? I ATTAINED MY CHILDHOOD AMBITION ALL RIGHT AND I USED MY HEAD, TOO!!

GEE, YOU DID?
CERTAINLY! WHEN MY MOTHER USED TO BRUSH AND COMB MY HAIR EVERY DAY I HOPED THE TIME WOULD COME WHEN I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY HAIR!!

WELL?!!


FAT
AND
SLAT

AW, NUTS! IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE COLORS, DON'T BUY THE TIES!! WHAT DO I CARE !?!!
SIR, I SHALL REPORT YOU TO THE FLOOR-WALKER FOR YOUR IMPERTINENCE !!!


YOU'RE FIRED!! DON'T YOU KNOW OUR MOTTO IS:- "THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT"! GET OUT!!

HECK! THAT'S THE THIRD JOB I'VE BEEN FIRED FROM, SLAT, BECAUSE "THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT"! BOY, AM I SICK OF HEARING THAT!!!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

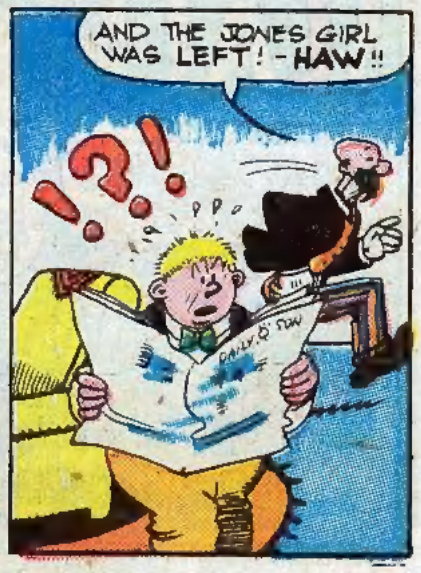
BY GOLLY, I'M GOING TO GET ME ANOTHER KIND OF JOB! - YOU'LL SEE!

FAT!!
YEP, SLAT, HERE'S ONE JOB WHERE THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG!!

FAT AND SLAT

HOLY SMOKE, FAT, DID YOU SEE WHERE THAT PRETTY JONES GIRL WAS LEFT AT THE ALTAR?

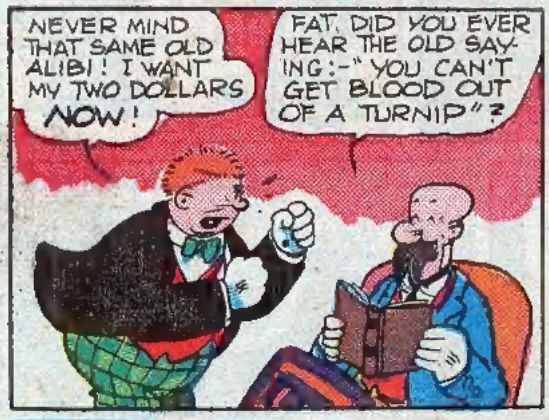
GOSH, SLAT, THAT'S A SHAME! WHAT'S IT SAY ABOUT IT?
IT JUST SHOWS A PICTURE! LOOK - AT THE ALTAR THE GROOM WAS ON THE RIGHT, AND -


AND THE JONES GIRL WAS LEFT! - HAW!!
!?!

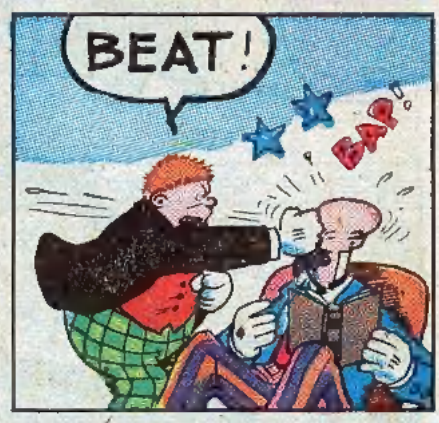
FAT
and
SLAT

THE CHEAP CHISELER! BY GOSH, THIS IS THE END OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP IF HE DOESN'T COME ACROSS WITH THAT TWO BUCKS HE OWES ME !!

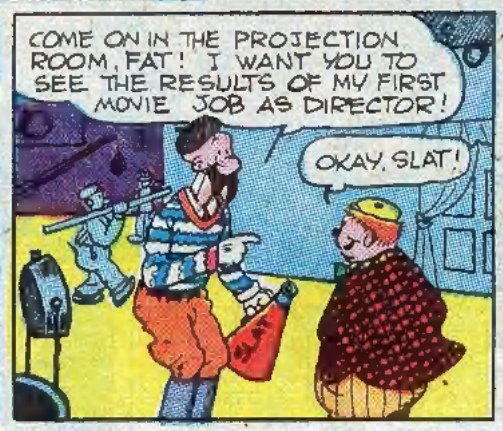
SEE HERE, SLAT. I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT ANY LONGER FOR THAT MONEY YOU BORROWED LAST YEAR! HAND IT OVER!
SORRY, MY ROTUND COMPANION, BUT I JUST HAVEN'T GOT IT! I'M STRAPPED!


NEVER MIND THAT SAME OLD ALIBI! I WANT MY TWO DOLLARS NOW!
FAT, DID YOU EVER HEAR THE OLD SAYING:-" YOU CAN'T GET BLOOD OUT OF A TURNIP"?

LISTEN, YOU CHEAPSKATE, YOU'RE NO TURNIP, YOU'RE A ---


BEAT!
BAP!

FAT
and
SLAT


COME ON IN THE PROJECTION ROOM, FAT! I WANT YOU TO SEE THE RESULTS OF MY FIRST MOVIE JOB AS DIRECTOR!
OKAY, SLAT!

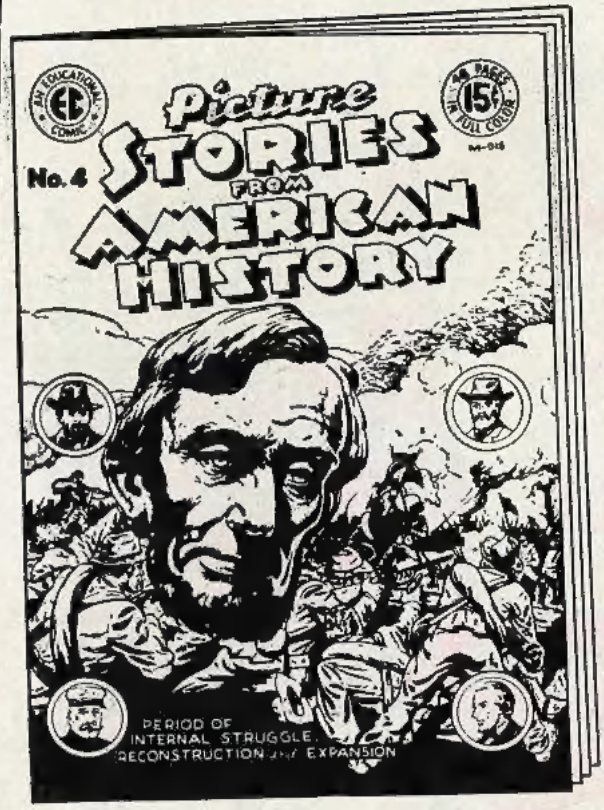
WE CALL THE PICTURE "LOVE LAUGHS AT LANDLORDS"! IT'S A SORT OF EPIC OF MODERN TIMES!!
HEH-HEH-HEH!
I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME!

WELL, HOW'D YOU LIKE IT, KID? WOULDN'T YOU SAY IT'S A "SUPER-PRODUCTION"?
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT THAT!

IT SURE LOOKS LIKE A SUPER PRODUCED IT!
EXIT

BLAP!
ZZZ?

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



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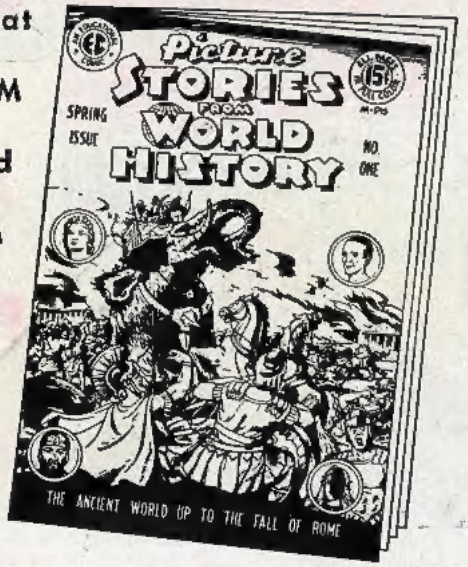

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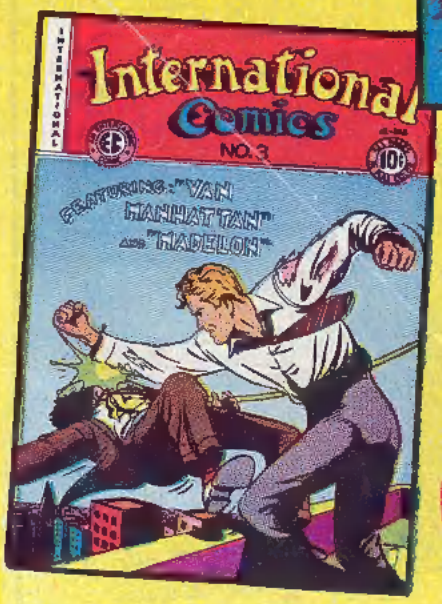

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